

[THE]
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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

A FIFTH-MONARCHY-MAN.*

THIS beautifully-got-up and very ably-edited volume, is rather valuable as an historical document than as a book likely to find much acceptance for family reading, or for the ordinary furniture of the library; it is interesting, however, as giving, perhaps, a clearer picture of what kind of creature that mythical sort of being a Fifth-Monarchy-Man was, than any very accessible material. The gentleman, whose nervous, gentle, but passionate face shines as the frontispiece to this book, a copy from a cotemporary engraving, was "as mad as a March hare"—whatever extent of madness that may mean—certainly, something very mad indeed. There is very little pleasure in reading the pieces from his pen, reprinted in this volume, but they are very illustrative of the times; they set forth with great clearness the difficulty of Cromwell's administration; and, while they vindicate some of his apparent severities, they are themselves the strongest reprehensions of the deeds and words of those fanatical dreamers whose religious hallucinations were a source of perpetual disturbance in the Commonwealth, as, in fact, they were at last a principal means of restoring the Stuarts. We believe, upon the minds of many people, a good deal of darkness rests, as to what a Fifth-Monarchy-Man was. This volume will abundantly enlighten any such darkness, and show him to be a kind of wild, fanatical combination of Fenian and Millenarian, uniting the political mischievousness, love of plotting, and belief in force for the purpose of overturning existing society involved in the first, with the dreams of the Lord's second coming to set up His

* *Some Account of the Life and Opinions of a Fifth-Monarchy-Man.*
Chiefly extracted from the *Writings of John Rogers, Preacher.*
By the Rev. Edward Rogers, M.A., Student of Christ Church,
Oxford. Longmans.

kingdom on the earth, involved in the last. By this, which we conceive to be a pretty accurate description, we mean no disrespect to the good Millenarian people, who indulge in no political tactics that we are aware of; only, it may be remarked, that when men choose to follow, as the canons of their conduct, the prophetic utterances of the Old Testament, to the exclusion of His words, who taught that His "kingdom comes not with observation," they may soon fall into a dangerous theory of conduct; while it is also interesting to notice that the most innocent dreams become dangerous, turbulent, cruel, and persecuting things, when they possess the power, or even the approach to a possibility of power. The life of John Rogers has little, therefore, that interests us beyond the fact that it was a phase of the fanaticism of a day bearing a rich harvest of fanaticisms. He was a man apparently rich in learning, which he turned only to the account of whims, and political and religious follies. No doubt, a holy man, consecrated quite as much to the service of utterly wrong-headed ideas as to the service of God; manifesting great courage, singleness, and determination, with only the drawback that all his heat and iron were cast into a mould which provokes contempt and compassion quite as much as admiration—illustrating what a mischievous thing a good man may be with a rickety and incoherent set of ideas for the motive power of his life. Quite a warning light is the story of this Fifth-Monarchy-Man to many of our own times, whose heads and hearts are a mixture of fog and piety—bright hopes and perverted sense—if those who need the warning had the power to read and apply it. We understand he comes of an ancestry very respectable, and, indeed, venerable, being descended from that noble John Rogers, who was the first martyr for religion in the reign of Queen Mary, the compiler of the first authorized English Bible, and the pioneer of the great English Reformation, who was burned in Smithfield, preaching in the flames, and exclaiming, "Lord, receive my spirit!" The Rogerses of that family have been, in many branches of the genealogical tree, remarkable; but we pass by Daniel Rogers and Doctor John Rogers, both eminent men, the sons of the martyr; and John Rogers, Vicar of Chacombe; and Timothy Rogers, son of the Rev. Vincent Rogers, the Vicar of Stratford and Bow; the author of many little books noticeable in their day. The father of the Fifth-Monarchy-Man was that Nehemiah Rogers, whose little quartos, bulky and closely-printed, have long been deemed precious by the collectors of the old Puritan literary ware—they have all been long upon our book-shelves—expositions of the Parables after the delightfully round-about and winding way of the preachers of that period—*The Fast Friend*; *The Figless Fig-tree*; *The Good Samaritan*; *The True Convert*—all published at "the sign of the

"Bible," on Ludgate Hill, or "the great North Door of St. Paul's." They have never been reprinted, and fetch now a considerable price. Nehemiah Rogers was, in the method of his preaching and the temper of his religion, very much like his distinguished neighbour—most likely his friend—Thomas Adams, a Puritan in the Church of England, which he seems never to have left. He retained all the extreme points of the theology of the Reformation, while he satisfied himself, as long as he was able, in the retention of his rectory in London, and a stall at Ely. These were forfeited to his loyalty—he lived after eighteen years of banishment from his benefices, just long enough to see the bonfires blazing for the Restoration of the Monarchy. He preached once afterwards, fell speechless in the churchyard of Doddinghurst, after leaving the pulpit, died before the afternoon service of the same day, and was buried, May 9th, 1660, the very day Charles the Second was proclaimed in London. Nehemiah Rogers, with few points of resemblance to Archbishop Laud, seems yet to have retained the friendship of that narrow-minded prelate. He appears to have been a patient, faithful, and vigilant pastor; and his parish of Doddinghurst, in the little passing glimpse we have of it, seems to have been in his days, not unlike Kidderminster, in the days of Baxter. The mother of John Rogers was also connected with clergymen and dignitaries of the Church of England, so that the son probably found, indeed, assuredly found, very little sympathy at home for those extreme opinions which very soon made him a marked man in the party to which he gave himself, and which gave him this claim upon slight and passing notice. He was born in 1627. What he became is very much illustrated by the circumstances of his early days; that nervous, restless, dreaming, and susceptible character showed itself in dreaming dreams, and beholding visions. It was a highly nervous and excited time; in all directions men were occupied by strange idealizations or hallucinations; all minds were set painfully to work upon the problems of experience and eternal relations. While a boy, he was scared beneath sermons. He says, in giving an account of his religious experiences before his congregation in Dublin:—

I was further awakened by my father, who, preaching upon the Good Samaritan, and showing his compassion, &c., preached and pressed so powerfully, that I was thrown into a trembling as lying under the guilt of Christ's blood, and was long perplexed about it.

But after all this there is another remarkable passage that I must never forget, which I met with, or rather met with me, to the purpose. About 1637, as I take it, at Messing, in Essex, I was playing with children, my fittest companions then, and running round about the house we lived in through two or three little gates, in sport and idleness as I was running with the rest, I know not how or upon what occa-

sion, I threw out vain words, and crying, "O Lord" (which we were not suffered to do), my heart was suddenly smitten upon it, and I was set a running as if I had been possessed by I know not what power or spirit, not having any strength to stay myself, were it upon my life, until I was headlong carried through a little gateway, where as plainly to my thinking and in my appearance as ever I saw anything by the sunshine, there was set a naked sword glittering with a fearful edge, I thought, and which took up the whole space of the gate from one post to another, with a broad blade most keen and cruel, at which sad sight so fraught with frights I ghastly screeched, and yet had not the least power to stay or stop my precipitant course, but I was quickly carried quite unto it, so as that the edge of the cruel blade meeting with my body, it seemed to me impossible I should escape death, and I made no other account but to be quite cut off and parted asunder; but afterward being hurried through with that headlong and furious force, I had strength to stay a little beyond it, and to perpend the perplexible peril which I was in. I stood as one amazed, or rather as one that knew not whether he were alive or dead; I knew not how to believe myself less than a dead man, and afterward at least mortally and deadly wounded, if not desperately and deplorably cut in twain. Oh! how I stood trembling and tumbling in my thoughts, until the vital blood, which was fled for the heart's defence, began to disperse again and to go quietly to their own homes, and then I looked about and turned me to the gateway, but the appearance was passed away, the sword gone and vanished, whilst I was left alone, the rest running away, in a labyrinth of fears, without any wound without, but deeply and wofully wounded within, and never since (to the praise of God's grace), as I know of, have I had such extravagant, preposterous expressions pass from me.

But, good God, what was thy will herein? Thou who art not tied to means or order, best orderest and disposest of all things for thine own design and glory, and so this was, I am sure; but what it was I know not, yet it left a lasting impression upon me, and the scar is yet to be seen in my heart, though the wound be healed. But, alas! how long and lamentably I lay afflicted and in continual fears after this! Every thunder and lightning I looked upon as my fate and sent for me, and then I would fall to my prayers, and saying my Creed and Commandments, and to my sermons, as fast as might be, that I might be found well-doing at least, if not as a charm to defend me, or a challenge to God by virtue of them to keep and bless me. But all this while like an Israelite in Egypt I worked for life, and my services were my saviours, and I would to my brothers, sisters, and school-fellows and companions, take occasion to talk of Heaven and Hell, and what a hard thing it was to be saved.

Thus it went with the young lad; cast down into pits and quagmires of despair; distracted, "out of his wits," he says, even sometimes thinking of suicide, and apparently in these fits, sometimes confined, tied hand and foot, till they passed from him; trees

turned into persons or spirits, and he thought them sometimes good angels, and sometimes bad; he talked to them as if they were men, or angels, or God. The bushes seemed dens of devils. Whole nights he sat up "in a little turret we had," in an orchard away from the house, and the whistling of the wind, the chirping of a bird, or the lowing of a beast, seemed voices speaking to him and answering him; he seemed to hear the roaring and howlings of the damned; all this while himself in an unresolved and uncertain state. Then, in the midst of it, came a great period of peace. Some of our readers may remember a famous passage in a not unlike experience, that of George Fox, when he says, "One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, but I sat still and it was said, 'All things come by nature,' and the elements and the stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it; but as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing, and as I sat still under it, and let it alone, a living hope arose within me, and a true voice which said, 'There is a living God who made all things,' and immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all—my heart was glad, and I praised the living God." John Rogers was never George Fox; pity that he had not more of the illustrious young shoemaker's power of silent, quiet waiting and listening. This, however, was very much his experience, and his salvation was similar; after his long fitfulness, the assurance settled on his soul. "There is a God, and God is righteous and will hear prayer. Then, more clearly came the voice within, Is there not a God? Is He gracious? Are the Scriptures false? Can He take delight in seeing a soul set upon a rack?" Hushed amidst his crying by such thoughts as these, he threw himself on his bed, and while his eyes were filled with tears, like a child, he fell asleep, and was restored to spiritual health by a dream. He says:—

There I lay in a sudden sleep which seized upon me, and I dreamed of the same Scripture (the letter, which killed me), and yet of Christ (the Spirit which quickened me), and that His righteousness, by faith made mine, did exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, and except I, in and by the righteousness of Christ made mine, did excel the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, I could not be saved—that is, not without the righteousness of Christ. When I awaked, I was so much changed that I was amazed at myself at the suddenness of it; for I dreamed I was comforted and my heart filled with joy, and when I awaked it was so indeed. I started up and rebuked myself, saying, "Why, I am not damned! What's the matter? am I so filled with a fancy? with a sudden hope of I know not what nor whence?" At which time I fell to pray, and whilst I was praying I said, "Lord, is this true? say, is it true? if it be so, let it be shown

me that it is so." So I was persuaded that the righteousness of Christ was mine, and thus I had the first assurance of salvation, for that very same Scripture that before condemned me did now justify me, that is in Christ. Well, with this joy I continued to this hour, holding and keeping ground against all temptations (which are infinite) that I have met with ever since.

This is beautiful! beautiful as anything in Bunyan. It shows, however, plainly enough the stuff out of which the Fifth-Monarchy-Man was formed, and he seems to have met with no tenderness at home. Old Nehemiah, if he had the theology of the Puritans, held it in some rigid form, which prevented him from sympathising with the wild spirit-life of his son; but one thinks he should not have turned him out of doors. It is impossible that the young man could have been anything else than purity and earnestness; and so, other temptations came upon him—and terrible temptations—he had no money, and wanted bread, and ate old leather, and old quills, and pens, and grass, trying all ways to keep his starving life together. Devilish temptations told him how he might be rich, but he refused all those; at last he was called to teach Lord Brudenel's children. The story, as he tells it, is very full of artless tenderness; and how at this cruel pass of his life came another dream, which was a great comfort to the young man. It came to him one night, when he received the call to Lord Brudenel's family; he had again meditated suicide, was at the extremest point of penury; and the first illustration of its truth to him was that upon waking the course and current of his life turned. We must permit him to tell, in his own way, the dream, although lengthily:—

But, being now night, I went, as I use to do, supperless to bed (after duty), but my heart melting into abundance of tears—first for the sin that I was about, and then for the love of God and His care appearing for me; until, with an heart full, and head full, and eyes full, and all, I was fallen into a deep sleep, and visited with an extraordinary token from on high, both in dream and vision, which had been since accomplished (as I take it), and the last in Ireland the last year. The dream was this: That I was walking home to my Father's house with a staff in my hand; and fearing lest I should be out of the way, I looked for a path, which at first I could scarce discern was a path, and began to look about and to question it, till by and bye I perceived some footsteps of some that had gone that way; with that I went forward, and the further I went the plainer I perceived it to be the path, and that I was in the way, and I could see no other; at which I rejoiced, and went on confidently as if I feared no evil nor enemy, till I came to a fine, glorious, beautiful house and building on the left hand of me, out of which came forth a beam which reached a little cross the way I was to go in; so that I being at a little stand at first, yet would not

stoop under this beam, but stepped aside and so passed away, laying my hand on it as I stepped by the side of it; but the house I thought was all in a flame of a sudden; so that, being something troubled thereat, I passed on in the way, wondering in myself what this should be, till I was overtaken by some rude, violent, malicious men, that laid to my charge the setting this house on fire, and would not hear me speak, but were harshly haling me away to prison, with which, being sufficiently frightened and all my flesh set a trembling, I awaked, and was offended with myself for being troubled at a dream—a foolish fancy; so I laid me (it being yet dark) and fell asleep again, and was cast into the same dream again word for word; and at my right hand I thought there was a grave, ancient man, full of white hairs like wool, a long white beard, who stood by me and bid me cheer up. “Fear not; for the Lord hath sent me to comfort thee, and to tell thee that He hath chosen thee to preach His word and Gospel of Christ, which is the staff that thou hast in thy hand, and which staff (that is, the word of God) thou shalt walk home with to thy Father’s house, i.e. Heaven, where is fulness of joy. But after a time thou wilt be troubled with the different opinions and ways of men, and seem at first to be at a loss, but the Lord will be thy guide. Go on, and as thou goest forward the way of the Lord will lie clearer and clearer before your eyes; but the footsteps are the examples of the saints that have gone before you, which will be a great help unto you, and you shall walk cheerfully on in the way which is clear to you (than the which you shall see no other); but yet you must meet the fair house on the left hand, i.e. the glory and great ones of the world, who make a great and fair show to men, as built high, but they must fall, and are but on the left hand of you, whilst you will despise them, preach against them, and turn your eye looking forward to go on in the way of God, and turn not about; but the beam, that comes out of this great house which makes so much show, is meant the powers and opinions of such, which, whilst somewhat cross to the way, you step aside and will not stoop under, they are set on fire and inflamed of a sudden; but be not troubled, go forward; although they will send after you saying you have brought this fire upon them, and they will falsely accuse you, and seek to hale you away to prison for this fact.” At which I awaked again, this being morning, about daybreak, and being filled with confidence and comfort, I rose up and writ it down presently. And away I went that day towards Diddington in Huntingdonshire, where the Lord Brudenel once lived, but was then sequestered; and one that the Committee put in had gentlemen’s children to board with him, whom I afterward taught. But after all these deliverances I did multiply abundantly in gifts and graces, either to pray, expound, read, sing hymns and spiritual songs. And finding the Lord so abundantly to endue me from above, and to qualify me for the call which I had before in the night for the ministry, which then I little meant or imagined could be (it being often resolved against before my father, and my books ordered to be packed up); but finding things following so fairly to concur, I was much confirmed in it that the Lord had designed me thereunto.

At this time I came to be convinced of the Parliament's proceedings and cause to be more regular and in order to the great work that God hath to do in nations than the Kings, by comparing them together and bringing them to the Word, and then I saw clearly by the Word that God would do what he hath to be done by them, and for them, and for the Commonwealth.

We have dwelt thus at length on these phases of the young man's experience, because they prove him to be no vulgar fanatic; they show his life to have been one piece. Strange and altogether unsatisfactory as it is, it is delightful to see that a man's life was real to himself, however one may think it drifted from a safe human anchorage. We cannot now follow him through his wanderings with the Parliamentary people. He surely might think that Providence had very distinctly marked out his way, and indicated his party in the great struggles of the time. He threw himself heart and soul against the Royalists. His mental agitations seem to have resolved themselves into quiet and rest. First, he accepted Presbyterian ordination as a minister, and was appointed Rector of Purleigh, near Maldon, in Essex. About the same time he married a daughter of Sir Robert Payne of Midloe, Huntingdonshire, a lady who was destined to pass through a pretty fight of affliction with him in the course of a few years. He was sent to minister for some time in Dublin, and, returning, we find him at St. Thomas the Apostle's, in London. Meantime, he had left the Presbyterian communion, and, looking up to Cromwell as the great captain of saints, he had become an Independent. And here he emerges before us as a Fifth-Monarchy-Man. The Fifth-Monarchy-Men were a small band of resolute enthusiasts, recruited for the most part from the ranks of the Independents, who founded all their dreams and the distinctive part of their creed, upon their interpretation of a vision in Daniel; they believed that the four first monarchies, Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman, had passed, or were rapidly passing away, and that Christ was now coming, personally and visibly, to reign in the establishment of the fifth. Kings, priests, and lawyers were their especial abhorrence; they had sat in His place, and usurped His power—henceforth there was to be a reign of the saints. They fortified themselves by texts from the Old Testament: "The sword of the Lord and Gideon;" "The saints shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom;" "Curse ye Meroz," &c., &c.; "Overturn, overturn, overturn"—that "much abused Scripture," as Cromwell called it—and especially the last part of the hundred and forty-ninth Psalm. They were born with the sword in their hands; the sect originated in the army; many officers of the highest distinction sympathised with it; it seemed they had overturned one great anti-

Christian power—they desired to go on conquering and to conquer. When Cromwell arose, his holy life and splendid military genius seemed to point him out to such men as the great captain who was to inaugurate a military Millennium. They desired, at the point of the sword, to defend and to extend the Protestant faith over the whole world. Cromwell found these men very useful while he was subjugating the Royalists and the monarchy; they hoped he would have gone on and even proclaimed a war with Papal Europe. Perhaps the idea is not so insane as at first sight it seems, when we remember how in the Netherlands, in France, and Spain the iron remorselessness of the military Papacy had trampled out almost every aspiration after freedom and purity of worship in the memory of the men living in that day; and the editor of the volume before us quotes a striking passage from Macaulay, in which he says truly:—

“There was nothing which Cromwell had for his own sake and that of his family so much reason to desire as a general religious war in Europe. In such a war he must have been the Captain of the Protestant armies. The heart of England would have been with him. His victories would have been hailed with an unanimous enthusiasm unknown in the country since the rout of the Armada, and would have effaced the stain which one act condemned by the general voice of the nation has left on his splendid fame.”

We may very clearly see how such dreams would harmonize with the restless nature of a man like John Rogers. But Cromwell was a wise man; he made, indeed, England actually the most formidable power in the world; but then he set himself to the policy of domestic reform and consolidation. He disappointed all the Fifth-Monarchy-Men; and henceforth they were the bitterest foes to his Government; among the sects of their day they were the Danites—serpents in the path of the rider, before whom the horse and rider fell backwards. The following passage from Rogers' *Sagrir; or, Doomsday Drawing Nigh, with Thunder and Lightning to Lawyers, &c., &c.*—a tremendously long and unquoteable title-page—sets forth the illusions of the Fifth-Monarchy-Men, and illustrates their way of dealing with the mysteries of prophecy, and the words of Scripture:—

Daniel tells us of four beasts. The last of these beasts had ten horns, amongst which rose another little horn, and this little horn persecuted the saints till the judgment sat, when they took away his dominion and destroyed it for ever.

Now the four Beasts are the four great Monarchies; the ten horns are the ten European kingdoms which arose out of the last of those

Monarchies. As concerning the little horn, "with much assurance and clear sight," he asserts it to be William the Conqueror and his Norman successors, all fierce persecutors of the saints, but cut off at last and for ever by "the Judgment, which was anno 1648, in that High Court of Judicature erected for the King's trial." After this comes the Fifth Monarchy. By 1660 the work of this monarchy is to get as far as Rome, and by 1666, is to be visible in all the earth. It will come mysteriously, suddenly, and terribly, and will redeem the people—1st, from ecclesiastical bondage, decrees, councils, orders, and ordinances of the Pope, priest, prelate, or the like; 2nd, from civil bondage and slavery, or those bloody, base, unjust, accursed, tyrannical laws and sin-monopolizing lawyers as now oppress and afflict the people. And so he calls on the Parliament—the Barebones Parliament, then sitting—to prepare everything for the entry of the Fifth Monarchy; and, in order to this—1. To appoint none except the saints to place or office. 2. To abolish all those unjust and cruel laws, and to pull down those courts, terms, and lawyers, yea, and tithes, too, which have occasioned such actions, continued complaints, and vexations to the people, and wrongs to God and men, good and bad. 3. To set up God's law alone, being that in Deut. vi. 1.

"These are the Commandments" (i.e. the ten in two tables given to Moses on Mount Sinai, Exod. xx.) "the Statutes," (i.e. the several cases arising out of each Commandment tending to establish and confirm each command) "and the judgments," (i.e. the sentence upon the breach of every law, how, and what, the punishment must be). Now this law, statute-book, and judgment-seat of God must be set up in the Fifth Monarchy, and then shall we be restored to (1) God's laws; (2) in our own language, (3) read, and expounded, and made known to the people, (4) at free cost, without charge, (5) justice will be had at home then, and judges sit in all the gates of the cities, (6) and every man plead his own cause, (then no need of lawyers), (7) justice will not be delayed, but speedy, (8) and executed without gainsaying, according to the law (set) of God, and without respect of persons, (9) then judges shall be as at first, and justice also in every city, and (10) then the Lord will be our only lawgiver, and the law-abide for ever, without alteration, as there is now, and ought to be, in the forms of men. "Wherefore, if you be men whom the Lord will own and honour in the work, up then and about it. . . The Lord Jesus awaken you with the noise of the Monarchy which is swift in motion and now nigh us, lest you be surprised."

The brains of these Fifth-Monarchy-Men soon became a pretty seething-pot of treason, rebellion, fury, and virulence. Those readers, who are not aware of the style in which those who professed and called themselves Christians in that day could talk, will, perhaps, be amazed at the strange farrago of furious epithets which they were able to indulge. The truth is, no sect seemed to have the monopoly of virulent speech; and every one, with which we are ac-

quainted, seems to have conceived itself quite free from the necessity of wearing such a poor adornment as "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." We really often think that, of all the great actors, Cromwell alone seems to have possessed that jewel. The epithets piled upon him by the Fifth-Monarchy-Men are amusing and amazing. In these days we have seen elaborate attempts made to prove Louis Napoleon to be Antichrist; in those, and on the lips of these choice rhetoricians, Cromwell was "the Antichrist; the Babylon; the Great Dragon; the Man of Sin at Whitehall;" and so on; his ordinances were "Engines of the Beast." Their hymns, like their sermons, chanted the same refreshing truths:—

For God begins to honour us,
The saints are marching on;
The sword is sharp, the arrow swift
To destroy Babylon;
Against the kingdom of the Beast
We witnesses do rise, etc., etc.,

with a great deal more to the same metre. In *Jegar Sahadvtha: an Oyled Pillar, set up for Posterity*, Rogers, then in prison in Carisbrook Castle, expresses himself thus about Cromwell:—

Because the cruelty of this Serpent in England (whom effeminate lusting Eve-like professor have fallen in and fallen off and down with) from whose face we fly till the time, times and a dividend (Rev. xii., 14), is hardly heard of, known, or believed abroad, his horns looking so like a Lamb, but that ye may hear a little how he speaks and persecutes like a Dragon, I have held it a duty for further discovery of him and his spirit, to publish thus much further of his Nimrodian Tyranny and Trading in this kingdom since the late Apostasy. That which I have seen and felt of his fury at Lambeth, for so many months, among monsters rather than men, so greedy of my blood, I omit here, as being mentioned in my preface to "Prisonborn," but that men, if they will, may see, what an unreasonable, beast-like Monster this is that rends, tears, and devours so, I have added this history of some passages since Lambeth, which I have suffered for the sake of my dear Master Jesus Christ in this His Cause.

For, of course, it was not long before these noisy ones got themselves into bitter trouble. Of all those who suffered for conscience' sake in that day, the Fifth-Monarchy-Men, as a sect, seem to form the only one which excites in us no single sentiment of compassion; they were a dangerous pest. They were not merely an annoyance and nuisance; but their ridiculous military creed made them fearful incendiaries. They were, no doubt, always ready for some such disturbance, though it was not till 1661 that their ridiculous insurrec-

tion broke out: when they issued, from their old meeting-house in Coleman Street, and in an incredible impulse of infatuation, applied the texts—"One shall chase a thousand;" "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper;" ran armed, through several streets of the city, "declaring for King Jesus, and killing several people." This was, of course, in the first months of the Restoration of Charles the Second. Cromwell's method was to disregard the crochets of all sects, and the words of all preachers, until they interfered with the foundations of the public peace. Rogers and his party soon committed themselves in this particular; there were several eminent firebrands in addition to Rogers, especially Feake, of Blackfriars, and Vavasor Powel. All their sermons contained apparently more or less matter aimed at the Government, and both Feake and Rogers were, in 1654, committed to prison—Feake to Windsor, Rogers to Lambeth. Rogers must have become a man of very considerable influence, judging by the numbers of persons, very many of rank and wealth, who thronged to him in prison. At last Cromwell agreed, upon the petition of a number of Rogers' friends, to give him a personal hearing; and in this volume we have a lengthy account of the audience, taken down, we presume, by some friendly hand, and published by Mr. Rogers for the benefit of his party. We cannot say, to our mind, that the Fifth-Monarchy-Man approaches in the interview to the clear, strong, practical good sense of the Protector; it is very interesting to have this direct light upon the time. Rogers and the Fifth-Monarchy-Men treated him with marked disrespect; but he held his own high way. "Ha!" he said, "you will talk, I see, although it be nothing to the purpose." He said, "God is my witness, I know it, no man in England does suffer for the testimony of Jesus." * * * "Indeed, in some degree, it is blasphemy to call suffering for evil—doing suffering for the Gospel." "Mr. Rogers," the Protector continued, "suffers as a railer; a busybody in other men's matters, and stirrer-up of sedition, which rulers led by just principles might suppress." After long talking, they began to tell him that it was "near the end of the Beast's dominion," and what time of day it was then in prophecy. Oliver exclaimed, "Talk no more of that, for I must tell you plainly they are things I understand not." They began to talk to him in Latin. Cromwell, although himself a fair scholar, cut them short, and would have only English. Finally he said, "I tell you there wants brotherly love, and the several sorts of sects would cut the throats of one another, should not I keep the peace." Rogers gained very little by his interview then; and he gains little now from us. He was very desirous to be brought to trial, and his friends were desirous. The Protector gave a rough, grimly expressive answer—"As you please; but if he is

"tried, I assure you he will be hung." So no one seems to have pressed that matter further. He was remanded back to prison, in which he was detained, varying his homes of confinement from 1654 to 1657. He seems to have led his keepers sad lives, and to have insisted on innumerable points of punctilio. He was, without doubt, a sufferer; but it is scarcely possible to feel much more compassion for him than for any other misdemeanant, unless upon the score of lunacy. In the third year of his captivity, he published his *Jegar Sahadvtha*; and this piece, included in the volume before us, contains the account of his transmission from prison to prison, in the company of his wife, his ever affectionate companion. While in prison he lost two children, and upon the birth of one, he christened it under the name of "Prisonborn." This piece shows an extraordinary prancing, and nimbly rearing adroitness of abusive epithets—as when he speaks of Major-General Harrison as "this pitiful, ignorant, but, as he carries it, a most proud, Sultan-like, insulting *Orbilus*, and, indeed, a most conceited wretch of "wrath":—

He now foully falls upon the poor miserable enslaved people of this Island, falling into most foul, irritating, unsavoury, provoking language, with his wonted impudence, and open faculty of lying, slandering, bearding and abusing, for which he is so notoriously famous in this Isle, that we went for shame from him, "*surdis auribus sed oculis intentis in Christum*," and so left him to that spirit that possessed him.

This treatise is as interesting as any in the volume, but it abounds in queer, and more than half-mad passages. Thus he speaks of the government of Cromwell, and of the amusements he himself found for his solacement in his prison-houses:—

Fourthly, it is evident we are under as barbarous a spirit of the Beast as at this day exercised in any part of the world, and as miserable a servitude as among the Turks, for in all places they will use their prisoners civilly, and not multiply afflictions upon them every day as these men do, and study to, much less so monstrously and murderously hack and hew men for making conscience in their unreasonable commands. But to make us in a yet more Turk-like slavery, and that what is now our cause may be quickly the case of others, and of all, if need be, behold the Bashaws and Begler-Beys sent down to settle their Divans and Militia into every county, with the Timariots also, and Zamiacks, or Deputy Bashaws, under them, besides the Janizzaries, Gemoglanies, and Spahies, or Guards, about their Grand S. at Whitehall. And in the army there are also their Achingies (Hinds of the Country) or new Militia troops, too, to forage up and down for prey, and to keep the Lord's Lambs from meeting and feeding together on

Christ's commons. Is not this a new Turkey, then? Let them palliate all as they will with good words, yet as the proverb is, "Soltanon bila adalin kanakrin bila maa." "Their Sultan without justice shall be found like a brook without water," and neither his soldiers nor multitudes can save him when the time of his judgment is come, "Islah ho-rai, &c."

Fifthly, it is certain, too, these red Esaus must have red meat, I mean blood, to feed on, and I easily foresee with what greediness and design they do provoke poor simple plain Jacobs, honest hearts, by exaggerating and accumulating, to some rising or (untimely) action of defence, for them to have a full blow at them, the belly-fuls of the Saints' blood, which they so much threaten and thirst after, that their Shebna himself said he could freely have his arms up to his elbows in their blood.

Sixthly, it is our comfort that all they can do unto us is but to drive us to our God and Father. For a testimony whereof, I must refer to that beam of light which led me into a most lucid and facile supputation, proved and illustrated in my foresaid treatise, having found very excellent food from the roots of the Hebrew (Chaldy, Samaritan, Syrian), Arabic, (Persian), and Æthiopic tongues, which I daily converse with, and reading the Scriptures by, I find Manna wrapped up in the Dews of Heaven.

The writer further says, with admirable modesty and *naïveté*, that he "looks up to Him in whom I centre; who giveth wisdom and upbraideth not." It is amazing; the piece is as full of upbraiding and virulence, almost as the *Gangrena* of Edwards himself. The description he gives of his conveyance to the Isle of Wight, and his wanderings there, is interesting, though we a little wonder, from our point of view, how the little garden of an Isle could ever have seemed so sharp a place as in the following paragraph:—

Within one hour or little more the night was come upon us, the ways were exceeding glib and rough with ice and frosts, the winds high and sharp, which blew the snow out of the clouds full upon our faces, the night was very black, dismal and dark, without moonshine or starlight, until we came at Carisbrook town, the road being unbeaten and over high mountainy downs up and down, so that we did alight often in the dark, and footed it as far and fast as we could. My wife being weak, rode, but once was very ill with the unusual black night air. I also was at last overcome, and I fell down twice in the way, but with hot waters I was refreshed a little, and forced to trudge in the dark again, until, with a very dangerous difficulty, contemplating the hard travels of Saints and Martyrs, after several hours in the night we were brought into a poor house in Carisbrook, and there lying upon a bed I was pretty well refreshed.

At last Rogers was liberated, but he would not be still, and soon

got himself into the Tower again; this, however, seems to have been pretty much undeserved, and he was shortly set at liberty. Cromwell, too, was very shortly set at liberty, and then all these wise men of Gotham found their way to gallows and prisons, or, by better hap, across the seas. Rogers fled to Utrecht; he was now thirty-three years of age; henceforth, there was apparently little probability that he could exercise his gifts in the ministry; he had been originally intended for the practise of medicine—he studied at Leyden and Utrecht—famous places for the refugees of English freedom, and he took his degree in medicine in the latter university. The restless man, however, returned to England about the year 1662, and in 1663, his existence is attested in one of the spy-books of the period as pastor of a church, dwelling in St. Mary Magdalene's parish, practising physic, and often holding meetings in his own house; the next year he took his degree in medicine in Oxford. Subsequently, he resided in Bermondsey, and is described in the visitation of Surrey, as "Rogers of Bermondsey." The editor of the present volume speaks of the period of his death as absolutely uncertain; but he seems not to have noticed that Mr. Chester, in his account of the genealogy of Rogers, the martyr, says, that "an entry in the Register of the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, Bermondsey, records the burial of one of his name on the 22nd of July, 1670, and doubtless has reference to him." Thus this most singular being was but a young man when his life burned itself out. His eldest son became eminent—a merchant; M.P. for Plymouth; Baronet, and High Sheriff for Devon. The poor little "Prison-born" became an officer in the army, and was killed in a duel in France. This interesting memorial of an all but forgotten man sheds a good deal of light on a phase of the mad opinion of the times, and furnishes a strong illustration of the possible identity of the purest and holiest life with principles which may be firebrands in the State; in other words, the combination of individual holiness with the wildest political and ecclesiastical heresy.

II.

RECENT ESSAYS ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE.*

DISCUSSIONS upon pulpit eloquence have recently been, we believe, more than ever numerous. This is, perhaps, no proof that this eloquence is either of a higher order than in other times, or that it really commands more attention. The facilities for publication of all kinds are greater, and the number of those who devote themselves to the sacred tasks in the pulpit is constantly increasing. Of the several works which have passed before our eye, that of the Abbé Mullois is certainly one of the very best. It says something for the Emperor Napoleon that his chaplain is a man of such fresh, large and wide sympathies; it is the work of a Catholic, but ministers of any denomination will find little upon the score of faith to condemn, and much to suggest, and instruct. If we took exception to it, it would be rather that it contains many features of what we understand by the French style—much that is sentimental and exaggerated; but it abounds in real practical wisdom, and that which represents a nationality can only be relatively a fault. The chapters of M. Mullois are brief, and in their very titles they have a pith and meaning very likely to move a student of pulpit eloquence to hear or read what further the writer has to say, who has summed up his impressions in such a title. He discusses in a very sympathetic manner, in a more lengthy chapter, the relation the people should bear to the pulpit of our age: it is a very difficult and vexed question. A very large number of people in our country seem pretty much determined that it is desirable the pulpit should come to an end. We have been interested, within these few weeks past, in some papers, in that most racy and admirably conducted of weekly newspapers, the *Spectator*, referring to church and chapel-going; one

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- *1. *The Clergy and the Pulpit in their Relations to the People.* By M. L'Abbé Isidore Mullois, Chaplain to the Emperor Napoleon III., and Missionary Apostolic. Translated by George Percy Badger. Smith, Elder, and Co.
 2. *Our Sermons; an attempt to consider familiarly but reverently the preacher's work in the present day.* By the Rev. R. Gee, M.A., Oxon. Longmans.
 3. *Sacred Eloquence, or the Theory and Practice of Preaching.* By the Rev. Thomas J. Potter, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the Foreign Military College of All Hallows. James Duffy.

entitled, "Why I go to Church," another, "Why I don't," &c., &c. One of these amiable writers, to quote some of his aphorisms says, "I dislike good sermons just as much as bad." Concerning the preacher, he says, "I do not want his theology—in nine cases out of ten, I know three times, or thirty times as much theology as he does." Another writer says, "I admit for myself, that the one great take-off in going to Church, is the sermons." He continues, "the parson so enrages my wife that she says that she is always wrestling all sermon-time with a morbid desire to throw a prayer-book at his head." Now these things, and many others like them, said in such a paper as the *Spectator*, and from many other similar homilistical chairs, the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Saturday Review*, &c., show that the pulpit has really come to a very bad pass amongst us. We believe that while ministers of all denominations receive as large or larger an amount of really honest respect than they ever received, respect for the preacher—the mere man of the pulpit—was scarcely ever so low as in this day, with some notable and admirable exceptions, serving to show how the pulpit can maintain its mastery and power—when the right man is in it. It is astonishing to think of the uncountable thousands of sermons preached every week to very little purpose, regarded merely as sermons. There is a sense of the value of Divine service and attendance upon it, and a part of the Divine service, we are afraid often the most wearisome part, is the sermon. We think this is easy to be accounted for. We believe we have before now expressed our sense of bitter amusement that in almost all our colleges, the preparation for the pulpit is almost overlooked. Young men go through their studies, and become fitted for classical tutors, schoolmasters, or professors, but not to deal with human hearts, or to attain ease, self-possession and tact in the managing of audiences. Necessary as it undoubtedly is that the minister should be fully acquainted with theology as a science, and able to deal with the text by the lights of criticism and exegesis, this is not enough for the teacher who is to hold an influence over hundreds of minds at the same moment. It is astonishing what a number of well-furnished minds we are acquainted with, unable to turn their mental furniture to good account in public. We suppose that in this neglect all departments of the Church are equally blameworthy, and, according to M. Mullois, although there are some recent instances to the contrary, especially in the order of the Jesuits, the Church of Rome is not much more exemplary in the training she furnishes for her preachers. We have often been struck with the fact. We do not remember that in any system of pulpit rhetoric it has been distinctly noticed that many of the maxims, they may be called proverbs, in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, would form a valuable code of

laws for the pulpit on the secular side. Of course it is to be taken for granted that the divine side anticipates, precedes, and derives its power from altogether another source. A valuable code of laws might be constructed on the art of preaching. At present ministers seem to need lessons to save themselves from being despised. As we have intimated, it seems to be felt the service of worship is desirable, and may be delightful. The work of the pulpit is, in most of the criticisms which meet our eye, simply spoken of as despicable. And even a good man, whose life is most admirable and veritable, moves, in most instances, the lips of his audience to a curve of contempt when he assumes the office of the preacher. Few preachers are Bossuets—of course there perhaps would be more Bossuets were the number of preachers diminished; we have far too many, or, what amounts to the same thing, far too few of the right calibre. Churches and colleges are too reckless in showering young curates over the country. But the words of Lamartine, in part referring to him who has been called the “Eagle of Eloquence,” may suggest some hints of that to which all preachers should desire to attain.

“Of all the eminences,” writes Lamartine, “which a mortal may reach on earth, the highest to a man of talent is incontestably the sacred pulpit. If this individual happens to be *Bossuet*; that is to say, if he unites in his person: conviction to inspire the commanding attitude, purity of life to enhance the power of truth, untiring zeal, an air of imposing authority, celebrity which commands respectful attention, episcopal rank which consecrates, age which gives holiness of appearance, genius which constitutes the divinity of speech, reflective power which marks the mastery of intelligence, sudden bursts of eloquence which carry the minds of listeners by assault, poetic imagery which adds lustre to truth,—a deep, sonorous voice, which reflects the tone of the thoughts,—silvery locks, the paleness of strong emotion, the penetrating glance and expressive mouth;—in a word, all the animated and well-varied gestures which indicate the emotions of the soul;—if such a man issues slowly from his self-concentrated reflection, as from some inward sanctuary; if he suffers himself to be raised gradually by excitement, like the eagle, the first heavy flapping of whose wings can scarcely produce air enough to carry him aloft; if he at length respires freely, and takes flight; if he no longer feels the pulpit beneath his feet; if he draws in a full breath of the Divine Spirit, and pours forth unceasingly from this lofty height, to his hearers, the inspiration which comes to them as the word of God,—this being is no longer individual man, he becomes an organ of the Divine will, a prophetic voice.

“And what a voice! A voice which is never hoarse, broken, soured, irritated, or troubled by the worldly and passionate struggles of interest peculiar to the time; a voice which, like that of the thunder in the clouds, or the organ in the cathedral, has never been anything

but the medium of power and Divine persuasion to the soul; a voice which only speaks to kneeling auditors; a voice which is listened to in profound silence, to which none reply save by an inclination of the head or by falling tears—those mute applauses of the soul!—a voice which is never refuted or contradicted, even when it astonishes or wounds; a voice, in fine, which does not speak in the name of opinion, which is variable; nor in the name of philosophy, which is open to discussion; nor in the name of country, which is local; nor in the name of regal supremacy, which is temporal, nor in the name of the speaker himself, who is an agent transformed for the occasion; but which speaks in the name of God, an authority of language unequalled upon earth, and against which the lowest murmur is impious and the smallest opposition a blasphemy.”

All this, it may be said, is genius; but it is art too—it is study—it is knowledge. Also, it may be said, that a Bossuet-like style of eloquence is not very desirable; but those principles, which in the age of efflorescence and foliage formed him, would, in our age, if studied and applied, form and fit the modern preacher to enter into and carry along with him the minds of his audiences. There is a great principle involved in the title of the first lecture of M. Mullois, “That to address men well, they must be loved much.” We believe there is no principle so certain, and the difficulty of its application is dreadfully, painfully obvious. That is what audiences want in the minister—that, where it is a motive power in speech, burns all before it, with its tenderness and strength; but what a thing this is to say! It underlies the theory of Theremim.* Theremim says the orator is an upright man who understands speaking, “oratory is intellectual virtue.” What he intended is, that the result of a conscious enlightened will as moral, is the great motive power of man. An eloquent mind is a mind under motion; it is the secret of all influence. Where it is, it makes no mistakes, in accent, feature, or expression. As M. Mullois says, “We are always eloquent when we wish to save one whom we love. We are always listened to when we are loved.” This seems really to be the beginning of pulpit success and power. Where it really exists, disappointment and neglect will not daunt; it will lay its account for a large amount of misconception and self-sacrifice; it will know that the last thing man believes in anywhere is disinterestedness, and the last person whom he believes possible to be disinterested is a priest or preacher. The earnest and real minister going into the pulpit, and looking round upon a thousand or more of people, may say to himself,

* *Eloquence a Virtue; or, Outlines of a Systematic Rhetoric.* Translated from the German of Dr. Francis Theremim. By W. G. T. Shedd. Andover: W. F. Draper.

“Nearly all these are inveterate believers in my selfishness, and “prejudiced against those truths and principles which I am to bear “to them.” That mistrust he must overcome. A preacher must, first of all, win the confidence of his hearers. No art can in the long run effect this, but an affectionate nature will also, at length, conquer exactly in proportion to the deep goodness, the reality and unselfishness of those affections. Indeed, this principle seems most essentially to precede and underlie all mental preparation; here a student might be met by the words of Horace, “*Non est satis “poemata esse pulchra sunt dulcia et agunto animum auditoris.*” It is not enough that poems be beautiful, they must be affecting, and carry the soul of the hearer; therefore, a speaker should not address himself to the intellect of his audience without a regard to the necessities of their moral nature. What is that moral nature? What does it demand? Then we recur to what we implied above. We cannot too often remember it; as Professor Shedd says, “Every “hearer is by nature suspicious, especially when he perceives that “the right to influence his nature is claimed.” All the more necessity, therefore, why at all points the speaker should be thoroughly furnished and equipped, and, especially at rest in his own region of knowledge and affection, in which case the indifference, and even the very insolence of hearers—not an uncommon thing to see from the pulpit—will but increase the energy of the motive power within; the truth—any truth, but especially truth of the holiest and profoundest order, really and tenaciously held and felt, will almost invariably make a man eloquent. While, if a man be false in himself—we do not mean really immorally so—but if he be speaking, it may be against time, with no very clear perception of the matter in hand, especially with no profound convictions about the truth, and above all, with no strong controlling love, and direct interest in men, their interests, their souls, their affections: in this state of falseness, he will almost invariably become verbose, or, worse, over-ornamented—his words will have a steely glitter; he will refine and become critical, and degenerate into inflation and bombast. Our readers may have seen among mountainous and Alpine heights those slight falls of water, not worthy the name of cataracts, which, having no body to reach the vales beneath, in their fall dissolve in spray, foam, and thin vapour,—very pretty as the rays of light tint them, but having no impetus nor power; and not spreading by the farms and homesteads, no fertilizing fruitfulness. There is a speech exactly of this order; it is the eloquence of prettiness. We have sometimes called it the eloquence of the finger-nails. Horace speaks of those who in some great and ambitious monument in brass, express the nails, and imitate the soft hairs, while the principle of all, the figure itself, is unstudied, unsatisfactory, perhaps disgusting;

there are those who are content to be artists in the small—in the little and insignificant; their great aim is to be neat, to carve giants' heads in cherry stones. You wonder, and admire, but are quite unedified. Such preachers peril all their usefulness in the production of "innocent little sermons;" utterly powerless for any moral effect; it is the movement of the soul which will enable a man to speak as the poet has expressed it, giving verse to the image before our eyes in the above sentence.

With an eloquence, not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current that works out its way into light,
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Eloquence has been well defined as truth clearly perceived, deeply felt, and distinctly expressed. Then follows that state which d'Alembert defines as eloquence. "It is," says he, "the transfer of the orator's consciousness into the auditor's consciousness." In a word, Shedd says again, "Eloquence is a mind in motion."

There is another chapter in the essay of M. Mullois, a very brief one, and one upon a subject which has often, in connection with thoughts upon pulpit work, held our almost detached attention; it is on the power and accent of conviction. This too is related to the last thought; this grows, of course, out of the ardour of the feelings. This is a matter which has been wondrously forgotten; the vulgar impression has been that passion, or, more correctly, the rage and tempest of manner, are convincing and affecting; they may be, but not when they merely beat the air. Even in those cases, the accent does the real work, and the accent is the soul, and the conviction. Jonathan Edwards, as our readers know, was short-sighted, and preached from notes often held up close to his face, and in the pulpit stood perfectly motionless and still. What then could have produced those wondrous ecstasies and terrors in his audience of which we read? it must have been the accent of conviction. Have we not known men, who, with a graceless manner, a voice of no melody, no glow or glory of speech, no vividness of conception, have yet first commanded our respect, then compelled our attention, then taken us captive? Here is hope for men not possessed of that variable gift called genius—surely every preacher might hope to attain to this. *Attain* to it? every man will have it, if he have it. What sort of a creature is the preacher without convictions? and all convictions are sharp, clear—say incisive and tender—then they will give tone to his words. This is the art beyond the reach of art, though art may honestly help it; rhetoricians and readers never attain to this as mere rhetoricians and readers; it is soul, feeling—that is, the accent of conviction, which moves, enlightens, and sways; it does so because it "believes, speaks, arrests, and alarms."

"*Non fumum sed lucem*"—not smoke but light. This is a motto to take into the pulpit. If I cannot give light there, I had far better keep away, or even there be myself quite still. I had far better read a chapter or a text and then be silent; there may be a hope that this will make its way. When we go into the Papist place of worship, we are often steeped in a stench of musk and aloes, "O" we say, "would that there were only real human words here, real human feelings here; these stenchs are not the prayers of the saints." We sit still, and presently rises the long, almost inarticulate, and inaudible mumbling and muttering of the Latin. "Oh!" we say, "this is but an unknown tongue," and what is that better which is but a smoke of speech? It is so of many preachers, that all they have contrived to do by their words is to reverse the Canon of Horace, and to obtain "*fumo est lucem*"—smoke from light. They have turned the very New Testament itself into darkness. Thus, often either with wild, fanciful, mystical interpretations, with misty metaphysics, with long and complicated words, with a vehement and noisy manner—the subject was plain enough when the preacher began, but dark enough at the close, because he did not remember the maxim: "*Non fumum sed lucem*." A rare volume might be filled, and the materials are close at our hand, with illustrations of non-sense sermons.

M. Mullois quotes the well-known anecdote of Louis XIV. in the chapel at Versailles, when some preacher took the occasion boldly to inveigh against the vices and the peculiar dangers of the great, and at length exclaimed, "Woe to the rich! Woe to the great!" The courtiers murmured, although the king had lowered his eyes; after the sermon, they gathered round the monarch, and talked of the impertinence of the preacher, and of reprimanding him for his temerity. The king quietly said, "Gentlemen, the preacher has done his duty, 'now let us do ours.'" It is one of the most natural and simple sayings recorded of Louis XIV. Not to shine on pages should be the ambition of the preacher, he lives in a voice, and the voice expires. The mighty masters and mistresses of song know this, and are content to act upon it; Malibrans, Brahams, Jenny Linds, and Sims Reeves can have no posthumous fame. The music they hold in their hands is just the same as we have in our drawing-rooms. They live in the moment, but then in their world it is a very great moment. The soul interprets, and fills out, and gives the rest and the movement to each bar, this is their business. We have no doubt that the pulpit has suffered greatly by short-hand writers; the taking down of sermons; the incessant publication of sermons; the fastidiousness that waits on nicely balanced images and harmoniously constructed sentences. All this interferes with, and robs the address of its accent of conviction—the orator can no more survive than the

singer. Great sermons which have moved us to all the deeps we have desired to see them in print; perhaps they were very well, probably very poor indeed; in any case, how different to that ineffable flight of soul; the searching, penetrating words we heard. This is exactly as it ought to be, no stronger proof to those who did not hear, that the man was really at home in his work. Whitefield's sermons are very poor things to read compared with their overwhelming power. Oratory is neither in writing, acting, nor even speaking. Where is the fragrance of a flower? where are the tones of a harp? They were here, here, they are gone, you cannot catch them—it is so with the accent of conviction. This is the fragrance and the music of a sermon good for anything; and although we have taken high illustrations, we again say that this sacred fire may burn on the altar of any soul, itself persuaded and impressed. Of course, when it is really a great soul as well as a sanctified one—a David, a St. Bernard, or an Edward Irving—the conviction accumulated, and on fire through all the faculties of a great nature, proportionately compels the audience to tremble and thrill. And it comes out of this that the sermon will be plain. M. Mullois has several chapters with such headings as the following:—"The Sermon should be popular"—"The Sermon should be plain"—"The Sermon should be short." Another chapter follows on "Fact and kindliness," and on "Interest, emotion, and animation." Now, in reality, while all these topics are worthy of separate thought and enforcement, they all are related to those two canons on which we have dwelt already—that to address men well, they must be loved much; and that to persuade them, there must be on the speaker's tongue the accent of conviction. All this results, in fact, we believe, from the over soul—all superfluity flows from a full heart. There is a twofold sense in which it is true that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The heart not only constrains, it restrains; artificial speech always lacks the real flavour and force which the heart gives to words—and certainly it is not to be supposed that words—words—mere words alone, either indicate the full heart, or the ability to reach the heart. This fulness, or divine *pleroma*, is not indicated by the organ of language. The late Dr. James Alexander says: "I listened yesterday to a sermon, and I am glad I do not know the preacher's name—it was twenty-five minutes long—all the matter might have been uttered in five; it was like what the ladies call 'trifle'—all sweetness and froth, except a modicum of cake at the bottom—it was, doubtless, 'written extempore.'" When a young clergyman once enquired of Dr. Bellamy "what he should do to have matter for his discourses," the shrewd old gentleman replied, "Fill up the cask—*fill up the cask*—FILL UP THE CASK; then, if you tap it anywhere, you get a

“good stream; if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then get but little after all.” But this does not represent all—this will not give that piquancy and plainness, that instantaneous power of touch which is, in fact, the full mind, flavoured and spiced by an intense soul. We think it very likely that the influence and power of sermons have been impaired and impeded by their length. All men, whatever their attainment, or capacity, or experience in Protestant churches, have been expected to fill out their sermons to a certain length—and that length, perhaps, quite sufficient for human patience, even if the preacher be a man of eloquence and conviction. How, then, when he is neither one nor the other, or, at best, a Lilliputian in either? It is true, “*Omne super vacuum manat de pleno pectore.*” Sometimes the danger lies on the other side; Horace, indeed, says: “*Esto brevis,*” “be succinct.” He also says: “*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio,*” “I strive to be concise—I become obscure,”—and preachers should use and give to their hearers whatever adds really to the apprehension of the subject in their own mind; there is an unwise conciseness, as there is a tedious diffuseness; all that brings nearer is useful; all that tends more to unveil the subject to the mind helps; there are among our modern preachers many whose words suffer thus, and their people suffer in them, while it is quite possible to drown the sense in a bewildering world of sounds; it is also possible to fail through want of application—few audiences will beat a nugget of gold into gold leaf for themselves—very few are disposed to be at any trouble. We heard a criticism upon a minister only a day or two since: “It is so nice to hear our minister; you hear the same thing from month to month over again—dear man—it’s always the same—Ah! you always know where to find him.” Therefore, we say, encourage a flow—not a flood. Rarely can it be wise to imitate the cataract in force or speed, but the river you may imitate. Dr. Johnson says, “It is so much easier to acquire correctness than flow that I would say to every young preacher, ‘Write as fast as you can.’” Whitefield’s rule was “never to take back anything unless it were wicked.” “This,” says Dr. Alexander, “is very different from rapid utterance or precipitancy. Deliberate speech is, on the whole, most favourable.” Pastor Harmm was wont to comprehend his idea of delivery to students in three L’s—“*Langram—Laut—Lieblich,*” poorly rendered by lengthened—that is, deliberate—loud, and lovely; and Luther’s maxim is still more untranslatable “*Tritt frisch auf—theis maul auf—noor bald auf*”—“Stand up cheerily—speak up manfully—leave off speedily.”

M. Mullois insists, with great earnestness, on the necessity of brevity. He quotes St. François de Sales:—

"The good Saint Francois, in his rules to the preachers of his Order, directs that their sermons should be short.

"Believe me, and I speak from experience, the more you say, the less will the hearers retain; the less you say, the more they will profit. By dint of burdening their memory, you will overwhelm it; just as a lamp is extinguished by feeding it with too much oil, and plants are choked by immoderate irrigation.

"When a sermon is too long, the end erases the middle from the memory, and the middle the beginning.

"Even mediocre preachers are acceptable, provided their discourses are short; whereas even the best preachers are a burden when they speak too long."

Is not long preaching very much like an attempt to surpass these men, who were so highly imbued with the spirit of Christianity?

He continues :—

But it will be objected: What can be said in ten or seven minutes? Much, much more than is generally thought, when due preparation is made, when we have a good knowledge of mankind, and are well versed in religious matters. . . . Have not a few words often sufficed to revolutionise multitudes, and to produce an immense impression?

The harangues of Napoleon only lasted a few minutes, yet they electrified whole armies. The speech at Bordeaux did not exceed a quarter of an hour, and yet it resounded throughout the world. Had it been longer, it would have been less effective. In fifteen weeks, with a sermon of seven minutes every Sunday, one might give a complete course of religious instruction, if the sermons were well digested beforehand.

If, then, you wish to be successful, in the first place fix the length of your sermon, and never go beyond the time! be inflexible on that score. Should you exceed it, apologize to your audience for so doing, and prove in the pulpit of truth that you can be faithful to your word.

* * * * *

"But do speak more at length . . . you are wrong in being so brief . . . you only tantalize your audience . . . you deprive them of a real pleasure." Expostulations like these will pour in upon you; but don't listen to them: be inflexible, for those who urge them are enemies without knowing it. Be more rigid than ever in observing the rule which you have prescribed for yourself. Then your sermon will be talked of—it will be a phenomenon—everybody will come to *see* a sermon of seven minutes' duration. The people will come; the rich will follow. Faith will bring the one, and curiosity will attract the other, and thus the Divine word will have freer course and be glorified. . . .

This is certainly carrying brevity to its utmost extent, to speak in paradox. Preachers of the Church of Rome have usually designed brevity. We believe they have no instances like those tremendous trials of patience in the great Puritan and Church of England

preachers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who did hold their audiences for hours. It is noteworthy, although we do not speak of exceptional occasions, nor do we forget instances to the contrary, that some of the greatest and most useful preachers of our day never passed beyond half an hour, while others were scarcely ever so long. Perhaps if preachers remembered more frequently that words will not come back, *nescit vox missa reverti*. "A word sent abroad can never return," it would check in all a too impulsive flow, surely it might make us all tremble to think of the immortality of our words, and especially if they are uttered with any measure of vitality or conviction; but however uttered, who can limit their destination? Who can tell the soil into which they may fall, and in what manner they shall bring forth fruit? Certain it is, they can never return, therefore should the conscience dictate the word, should rule the influence, shape the sentence, and give accent to the tone. This would be the true study of the passions; of that difficult and yet so desirable part of pulpit power, the pathetic. It is to be supposed we have, in our turn, all been compelled to laugh where the orator intended we should cry, he had learned his lesson so badly? He knew nothing of what he was speaking, simulating a tone, as when an auditor spoke to a rather celebrated French preacher, and said, "In your preaching just now, you pronounced, 'Depart, ye cursed,' exactly as if you had been saying, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father.'" We do not imply from this that, beside the preparation of the heart, there is not necessary a human artist-side to preparation for the pulpit, in the first place, as the whole result will depend on the true humanity, and fine texture of the human instrument itself. This is a human side, and then, beyond this, what right has any man to suppose himself exempted from the old law of labour? "By the file, and by the whetstone," to quote again from Horace, "the work proceeds." "*Si labor et mora lima.*" "By the labour and by the tediousness of the file." To all success goes patience, plodding, and perseverance, and the great masters of speech, however free, full, and flashing their words might be, were no real exceptions to this great law; on the contrary, they illustrated it. "*Fungar vice cotis.*" "I will do the office of a whetstone," and this refers to external helps and aids. The whetstone cannot cut itself, but it can sharpen the steel and enable it to cut; and so with all studies. All the stores and accumulations of mental wealth and discipline, every study is a whetstone to sharpen the wits. Moreover, if the iron be blunt, then to the file or the whetstone must be put more strength. What can any science, language, or book do for a teacher? Mathematics, criticism, they are valuable, but they are only valuable as they are proved by the labour of the file, not in themselves; they are a kind of whetstone on which to sharpen the

intelligence. They are like a hone, dead and lifeless in itself, yet calling forth the edge and sharpness in the steel. All people must in their time have been amazed at the little that study and reading in many departments seem to have effected for many men.

And if we seem to step from these considerations to some apparently not so closely, at first sight, connected with them, it is for the purpose of asking what, in the whole range of culture, can go beyond the enabling a man to speak plainly upon the matters he takes in hand? From some cause or other, we believe, if auditors were polled, their verdict would be that in general preaching is obscure. M. Mullois well, and not needlessly says, "the sermon should be plain." A spirit thoroughly in earnest, when it attempts to enter regions where perhaps the multitude may be unable to follow, will usually convey a feeling, an impression of an elevated and healthful character; but no sermon, even if it have passages of this character should be wanting in strokes and general delineations and impressions which should entitle it to the character of a plain sermon; great statements, great enforcements, and great influences distinctly felt. This has been the mark of all great oratory. Demosthenes has ever been held as a mark and a model in this particular. What we know of the neglected, and almost forgotten, but splendid orations of Bolingbroke, one of the greatest of English masters, was of this type; and the invectives and orations of Chatham, Brougham, and Fox. When we look at the great masters of pulpit eloquence, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Saurin, Hall, and even Irving, it is the same, —plainness, so far from being an impediment, is an element of it. Surely the question is natural enough—how can that be really eloquent which is not obvious? Neither a flow of speech, nor fertility of illustration can constitute it, but the fitness of both to impress, and carry along the feelings of an audience; and the end of all homiletics should be twofold, namely, to furnish the mind with method, and to give it freedom, freshness, and clearness in the use of it. Dr. Newman, in his lecture on *University Preaching*, says:—

But, not to go to the consideration of divine influences, which is beyond my subject, the very presence of simple earnestness is even in itself a powerful natural instrument to effect that toward which it is directed. Earnestness creates earnestness in others by sympathy; and the more a preacher loses and is lost to himself, the more does he gain his brethren. Nor is it without some logical force also; for what is powerful enough to absorb and possess a preacher, has at least a *primâ facie* claim of attention on the part of his hearers. On the other hand, anything which interferes with this earnestness, or which argues its absence, is still more certain to blunt the force of the most cogent argu-

ment conveyed in the most eloquent language. Hence it is that the great philosopher of antiquity, in speaking, in his Treatise on Rhetoric, of the various kinds of persuasives, which are available in the Art, considers the most authoritative of these to be that which is drawn from personal traits of a moral nature evident in the orator; for such matters are cognizable by all men, and the common sense of the world decides that it is safer, where it is possible, to commit oneself to the judgment of men of character, than to any considerations addressed merely to the feelings or the reason.

On these grounds I would go on to lay down a precept, which I trust is not extravagant, when allowance is made for the preciseness and the point which are unavoidable in all categorical statements upon matters of conduct. It is, that preachers should neglect everything whatever besides devotion to their one object, and earnestness in enforcing it, till they in some good measure attain to these requisites. Talent, logic, learning, words, manner, voice, action, all are required for the perfection of a preacher; but "one thing is necessary,"—an intense perception and appreciation of the end for which he preaches, and that is, to be the minister of some definite spiritual good to those who hear him. Who could wish to be more eloquent, more powerful, more successful than the Teacher of the Nations? yet who more earnest, who more natural, who more unstudied, who more self-forgetting than He?

And here, in order to prevent misconception, two remarks must be made, which will lead us further into the subject we are engaged upon. The first is, that, in what I have been saying, I do not mean that a preacher must aim at *earnestness*, but that he must aim at his *object*, which is to do some spiritual good to his hearers, and which will at once *make* him earnest. It is said, that, when a man has to cross an abyss by a narrow plank thrown over it, it is his wisdom not to look at the plank, along which lies his path, but to fix his eyes steadily on the point in the opposite precipice, at which the plank ends. It is by gazing at the object which he must reach, and ruling himself by it, that he secures to himself the power of walking to it straight and steadily. The case is the same in moral matters; no one will become really earnest by aiming directly at earnestness; any one may become earnest by meditating on the motives, and by drinking at the sources of earnestness. We may of course work ourselves up into a pretence, nay into a paroxysm, of earnestness; as we may chafe our cold hands till they are warm. But when we cease chafing, we lose the warmth again; on the contrary, let the sun come out and strike us with his beams, and we need no artificial chafing to be warm. The hot words, then, and energetic gestures of a preacher, taken by themselves, are just as much signs of earnestness, as rubbing the hands or flapping the arms together are signs of warmth; though they are natural where earnestness already exists, and pleasing as being its spontaneous concomitants. To sit down to compose for the pulpit, with a resolution to be eloquent, is one impediment to persuasion; but to be determined to be earnest is absolutely fatal to it.

He who has before his mental eye the Four Last Things, will have

the true earnestness, the horror or the rapture, of one who witnessed a conflagration, or discerned some rich and sublime prospect of natural scenery. His countenance, his manner, his voice, speak for him, in proportion as his view has been vivid and minute. The great English poet has described this sort of eloquence, when a calamity had befallen :—

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title page,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

It is this earnestness, in the supernatural order, which is the eloquence of saints; and not of saints only, but of all Christian preachers, according to the measure of their faith and love. As the case would be with one who has actually seen what he relates, the herald of tidings of the invisible world also will be, from the nature of the case, whether vehement or calm, sad or exulting, always simple, grave, emphatic, and peremptory; and all this, not because he has proposed to himself to be so, but because certain intellectual convictions involve certain external manifestations.

Three things have been mentioned as constituting the virtue of the orator, *Veritas pateat, Veritas placeat, Veritas moveat*. To instruct, to please, and to move. But neither one nor the other can be reached, nor can any be effective, unless the meaning of the speaker be distinctly seen. Therefore, all teachers of rhetoric have insisted upon perspicuity, while we have already said that obscurity characterizes, to a considerable degree, we fear, most of the exercises of the pulpit, lacking that earnestness which Dr. Newman demands as the chief qualification for perspicuity. Nor must it be forgotten that weakness and obscurity are companions. We may speak of this as arising from a bad grammatical construction of sentences; a faulty collocation of adverbs and pronouns; affected phrases, and unmeaning phrases; harsh and turgid words, resulting in long-winded sentences; the *Sesquipedalia verba*, which St. François de Sales denounced as the pest of preaching; but beneath all, the true reason is to be found in the absence of a soul thoroughly informed and inflamed. Mr. Potter, in his *Sacred Eloquence*, says :—

In conclusion, we will only remark that, whilst the preacher, in his instructions to his flock, will aim at correctness and purity of language, he will also remember that for him, as a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in view of the special end which he must necessarily propose to himself, there is something infinitely more important than any mere correctness or elegance of language. Hence, whenever it may be necessary in order to render himself better understood, he will not hesitate to sacrifice the graces, and, in one sense, even the

purity of language. Following the counsel of St. Augustine, he will study the most intelligible, rather than the most elegant, manner of expressing what he has to say. *Evidentiæ appetitus aliquando negligit verba cultiora, nec curat quid bene sonet, sed quid bene indicet quod ostendere intendit.* For, as asks this holy doctor, what is the use of expressing our ideas in the most polished manner, of what use is the purity and elegance of our style, if our hearers do not comprehend our meaning? *Quid prodest locutionis integritas quam non sequitur intellectus audientis?* And he further illustrates his meaning by a very ingenious comparison. *Quid prodest,* he inquires *clavis aurea si aperire quod volumus non potest, aut quid obest lignea si hoc potest?* But let the preacher bear in mind, whilst he strives to follow these wise precepts in his practice, that this style of speaking requires both intellect and skill. Let him not delude himself by supposing that in order to speak with this perfect simplicity of language and of style, he must therefore descend to what is low or undignified. *Hæc sic ornatum detrahit ut sordes non contrahat.* Let him rather remember that in this, as in many other cases, the perfection of art consists in concealing art. *Ars artis celare artem.* It is of such simple instruction as this that Cicero is speaking when he says, *Negligentia est diligens;* and he says what is most true, since this simple, and, at first sight, apparently negligent manner of preaching, indicates the man who is more solicitous about the solid instruction which he is to impart to his flock than about the mere words in which he is to express it; the man who is much more anxious about the interests of his Master, and the welfare of his people, than his own gratification as a scholar, or his reputation as a preacher.

Why, in that art of poetry to which we referred at the commencement of this paper, Horace bids us beware of *vane species*, confused ideas. We have seen, and who has not heard, sentences which seem, like the pig-faced lady, or the talking-fish, incongruous. The preacher should paint his ideas; should see what he means. It is the absence of this which attempts the sublime, but swells only into bombast, "Hence it is" says Horace, "as if you find introduced a dolphin in a forest, or a wild boar in a flood." Correct thinking will not always, while attempting to right itself, be clear thinking; but thought ought not to dare to become public speech until it is cleared from all sediment and darkness and confusion. Rowland Hill spoke of a preacher of this kind: "*On six days of the week he was invisible, and on the seventh he was incomprehensible.*"

The attempt to drift too many matters into a discourse, leading to the confusion of all the subjects belonging to it, is a fruitful source of obscurity.

Hence, "*Si cepit Amphora car exit urceus,*" and what is it? Is it a frying-pan, or a tea-kettle? do you mean it for a finger-glass, or a saucepan? a flower-pot, or a butter-tub? or, to adhere more

closely to Horace; "If he began a vase why turns it out to be "a pitcher?" the preacher should understand what he can do—what his powers are equal to; the coarsest pitcher that holds water is a good vessel, but it is not good for the table of a prince. What do you design? In a great house there are many vessels, and some to honour and some in comparison to dishonour, iron may be the key which locks the house—gold may be the vessel on the table, the ewer on the toilet; all will be well if iron does not claim to be gold, or earthenware to be porcelain.

III.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE EVIDENCE OF HISTORY.

IS there any foundation for a Christian's faith, which, being laid in the nature of things, is not liable to be swept away by the advancing waves of scientific discovery, nor undermined by the operations of free-thinking critics? This is the great question for which every Christian of the present day is bound to find an answer. Not one man in a thousand has either the means or the opportunity of working his way through the ever multiplying attacks which are being made upon the Bible; and the days have departed, never to return, when the questionings of the mind could be laid at rest by an appeal to the authority of the Church, or the voice of tradition. The Christian must show that his faith is based upon the facts of the universe, that it answers to the realities of existence, or he must be prepared to see it perish off the earth, as utterly as the old heathen mythologies. In such an inquiry, the first indispensable step will be to ascertain the purpose of Christianity. What does Christianity undertake to do?

In *The Claims of the Bible and of Science*, Mr. Maurice has drawn the following distinction: "There is," he says, "a material cosmos, "subject to the conditions of growth and decay, which engages the "attention of the student of physics, and on the surface of which "man moves a perishable atom amid the countless other phenomena." But, in addition to this cosmos, the moral and spiritual faculties of man constitute another, which equally demands investigation. From *this* have emanated laws, governments, civilisation, nationalities, deeds of grandeur and heroism, deeds also of unspeakable wicked-

ness. Whence have these mysterious powers their origin? Whither do they tend? Which is the most wonderful, the good or the evil? These profound questions have in all ages agitated the minds of men. Every religion which the world has seen, and every system of philosophy, have been forced into existence by the consciousness of this everlasting strife in man's inner nature; have been attempts to discover the governing principles of man's life—the law of conduct, whereby his powers would have amplest scope, and work in most perfect harmony. Generation after generation has wrestled with them in a life-long encounter; yet still they rise up to haunt the mind, like terrifying spectres which no mortal magic is able to set at rest. The Bible professes to contain the solution of them. Just because man was incapable of penetrating to the source of these powers, God himself revealed them to him. He showed him whence comes the evil. He revealed Himself as the source of all life and light that is in man. The test, then, of the truth of the Bible must be sought for in the satisfaction of the reason, the heart, and the conscience, to which it addresses itself. A sense of this necessity is working in a multitude of minds who have never put the feeling into words, who would probably repudiate it if expressed for them. The Churchman would never invoke the authority of the Church, if he felt that he could appeal with confidence to the testimony of man's own inner nature, for the truth and worthiness of his message. The sense of a broad gulf separating the facts of life from the doctrines of religion, is the occasion of scepticism on the one hand; of bigotry and persecution upon the other. The fear that their religious faith may be discovered, upon inquiring, to be nothing more than the verification of certain opinions, is the cause of the agony and alarm which convulse the religious world, at the appearance of each fresh publication which combines popularity with scepticism.

In the early days of Christianity, when there was no Bible, and miraculous power was considered an attribute common to the professors of false and true religions alike, no appeal was possible, except to the moral nature of man, and no other was needed. The messages that "God is love," and that "Men should love one another as God loved them," was so unlike anything to be seen or heard of on earth, during the terrible times of the first Roman Emperor, that men and women almost instinctively received the words into their hearts as a divine revelation, and clung to them even to the death, as a possession rich beyond all price. Since that time, the conduct of mankind has never ceased to supply this kind of evidence in vindication of the divine origin of Christianity. As the best means of ushering in the kingdom of love, they have invariably selected the hangman's cord, the executioner's axe, the stake, the torture, and the dungeon. They have deluged the whole earth with

blood; they have had no pity upon age, upon womanhood, or infancy. Even at the present day, when the futility of blood-shedding for the advancement of opinions is generally acknowledged, the spirit of persecution flourishes with perennial vigour. A very great number of people still regard the Catholic Emancipation Bill with devout horror. They never lose an opportunity of killing at least the reputation of an opponent, by the imputation of dishonourable motives, and joyfully avail themselves of the power, if at hand, of putting him to death in a mitigated fashion, by depriving him of his means of living. But this species of evidence has lost the convincing power which it once possessed, because we have ceased to regard Christianity as the divinely appointed means for regenerating mankind. The Bible is no longer the record of the revelation of divine powers, which are in continued operation, it has itself become the Revelation. It is as if the life of Christianity having departed, we had succeeded in embalming the corpse, and converted *it* into an object of worship. Until we have shaken off this habit of thought, we shall never see that Christianity is indeed that Tree of Life, which the old Norse imagination pictured, with its branches reaching up to heaven, and its roots penetrating to the depths of hell.

The Bible contains the revelation of God; but, dividing the two Testaments in a rough way, we may say that the New Testament reveals the law of life for the individual; the Old, the law of life to the nation. In reference to the Old Testament, then (with which, in the following essay, we intend to concern ourselves), the simple question at issue is, "Does it do this?" Do we find in the history of the Jews, as therein recorded, the illustration of a general principle which has constantly repeated itself in the history of every kingdom of the world? Do we find there the one universal source of national prosperity which feeds the greatness of England, not less than it did that of the Jews in the land of Canaan? Until we have ascertained this, it is useless labour to discuss questions of inspiration, or the scientific accuracy of the Biblical writers, or their freedom from mistakes, such as Bishop Colenso professes to have discovered in their writings; for if the law given to the Jews never has been, or never can be, followed out by other nations, except to their own injury, neither accuracy of detail nor evidences of inspiration will preserve the Old Testament from becoming a dead letter in the affairs of the world. Previously to examining the Bible for an answer to these inquiries a certain preparation of the mind is necessary; we must get rid of the notion—deeply ingrained in the minds of many, but fraught with erroneous consequences to a disastrous extent—that the religion of the Jews converted them into a race of beings unlike any other that have appeared upon the earth. Abraham, and his immediate descendants, were simply uncivilised men who dwelt in

tents amid their flocks and herds. The Israelites, in the land of Egypt, were slaves, far behind their oppressors in knowledge and civilisation, and consequently despised. The Israelites who invaded the land of Canaan were a horde of semi-barbarians, who carried on war with the ruthlessness and ferocity characteristic of those remote times. There need be nothing surprising in these things. All education by the nature of man must be a gradual process; and the Israelites were as unable as any other people to perceive, at once, all that was lying latent in their faith.

The recollection of these undeniable facts will clear away a great deal of obscurity from the Old Testament history. The narrative will become instinct with a new life and a human interest. We shall be no longer perplexed by the moral obliquities of the patriarchs, or desirous of explaining them away. We shall have no wish to substitute a picture of our fancy for that primitive and pastoral life which is portrayed with such beautiful and touching simplicity in the book of Genesis. The very errors of the Israelites, the worship of the golden calf in Horeb, their comparative barbarism, their cruelty, will be the strongest possible assurances of the divine character of that Revelation which they have handed down to us. When we remember the sort of deities which such people as the Greeks and Romans, or even the more mystical Asiatics, have evolved for themselves, would it not be impossible that a horde of roving Bedouins, conducting themselves in other matters perfectly in accordance with the Bedouin character, could, by the speculations of their own unassisted intellects, have risen to such a conception of the Deity as this? "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear (the guilty), visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation."

The next indispensable step towards the correct understanding of the Old Testament is to subdue the inveterate propensity of fixing the attention almost exclusively upon the miraculous portions of the narrative. The direct result of such a habit is, that the terrible march through the wilderness, the fierce and constant battles with Hivites, Amelekites, and all the idolatrous nations of Canaan, affect our imagination no more than so many phantasmagoria. We do not realize that the Israelites trembled in the presence of danger just as other people do, because we see the end in the beginning, and half unconsciously attribute to them a knowledge that there was a judge or a law-giver, or some other specially endowed person, to work a miracle like a conjuror, and dissipate the famine or destroy the enemy. Many people rarely think of the leaders of the hosts of

Israel as men at all. In a dim, confused sort of way, they think that Moses and Joshua, David and Saul, knew that they were types, and arranged their actions so as best to fulfil their typical character. Admitting that God did lead His people through the wilderness with signs and wonders, with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, it is also worthy of note, that what may be called the saving knowledge of God—that knowledge which makes men superior to sin, which makes them noble, and great, and good—was never produced by these exhibitions of supernatural power. They appealed only to the eye. As soon as the hunger was appeased, or the opposing hosts were discomfited, the natural hardness and distrustfulness of man's heart asserted themselves. At the first appearance of a great danger the Israelites were sure to cry out that they were abandoned to perish in the wilderness. They were men, and being men, they found it just as difficult—nay, as impossible, as we, in the nineteenth century, to repose in perfect trust and hope upon the loving-kindness and watchfulness of God. Just as in the present day, it was the heart and not the eye of man which had to be enlightened, and this could not be effected without many a painful struggle, and many a repulse from advanced positions which appeared to have been securely won.*

* As it is the purport of this essay to show that the Old Testament draws the existence of its truth from the experience of man, it would be going out of our way to enter into a discussion on the reality of miracles; neither in a brief essay like the present, would there be sufficient space to treat the subject properly. Nevertheless, it will not be amiss to compress a few remarks in a note. To the student of physics, who, whithersoever he pursues his researches, finds an unvarying sequence of cause and effect, and a marvellous interdependence throughout the whole system of nature, it is no wonder that a miracle should appear something to be summarily rejected, except upon overwhelming evidence. But, with respect to the miracles in the Bible, it must be added, that it is not an admissible line of argument to assail them simply as such, and reject them, because they were not recorded by scientific observers, and are not supported with the weight of direct testimony, which would be required at the present day for the credibility of similar events. To be fairly judged of, they must be considered with all their attendant circumstances; and, unless the objector wishes to waste his words upon the air, he must approach them from the same point of view as we who assert their reality. For we do not assume the miracles to be real, and thence deduce the divinity of the Biblical revelation. Our first positions are the impossibility of man discovering God for himself, and the possibility of God revealing Himself to man. Unless the objector is willing to concede these, it is a waste of time to assail the credibility of the miracles, for our belief in them flows by way of consequence from these anterior positions. The next step will be to take into consideration the character of God as set forth in the Bible. Unless we are both agreed that the true God was revealed to the Jews, it is needless to discuss the miracles, because our belief in them springs solely from the convictions that they

If thus we enter upon the study of the Old Testament, free from the prejudgments induced by early education, we shall perceive that there was nothing in the Jewish character, which would, as it were, materially lead them to their sublime conception of the one everlasting and invisible God. Whosoever we may judge to have been the author of their religion, Moses or God, that author was well acquainted with their material and idolatrous character. He knew that in the case of a semi-barbarous people, prone to idolatry, and surrounded by idolatrous nations, it was impossible that they should retain, unassisted, a faith in an invisible God. Accordingly, the whole ceremonial of their religion was planned so as to remind them of His existence. The first fruits of the field were consecrated in thankfulness to Him who had given all; every movement of the heart found its expression in some ceremony which implied that the invisible God was ever present with His people, to guide their thoughts, not less than their actions. For the

were wrought by God. But if we can travel thus far together upon the same truth, we shall, upon this vexed question, be at least able to understand one another. That which we contend for, in asserting the reality of the miracles, is not that they were interruptions of the laws of nature. If they could all be accounted for by the concurrence of known causes, no one would rejoice more heartily than we. Indeed, remembering that specialty of the Hebrew mind, which admitted no distinction between the direct and providential agency of God, we believe and know that many ordinary phenomena were, by the peculiar circumstances of their occurrence, elevated into *signs* of God's immediate presence, or what we call *miracles*. But we assert this, that God, as the omnipotent ruler of the universe, did so direct the operations of nature, that they became *signs* to His chosen people, that He who was their guide, protector, and king, was also the maker of the heaven and the earth. In the case of a revelation of God, made to a wandering horde of shepherds, like all barbarous people, specially prone to superstitious fears of the powers of nature, we cannot conceive, in what way God could have revealed himself, as the Lord of the universe, except by appearing to subdue those powers to the service of His chosen people. And, through dark ages of ignorance, men have accepted these so-called miracles as positive assurances of the omnipotence of God. They have given an impulse to progress, to thought, and enlightenment. By raising men above the fear of nature, they have paved the way for that very scientific knowledge, of which in these days we are so amazingly proud; and but for them we should, in all probability, have sunk into the ignorance and apathy of the Asiatic. It will be obvious, at once, that the above remarks are not applicable to all the miracles recorded in the Old Testament. Many of the marvellous acts ascribed to the prophets read to us very like legends engrafted on the original narrative by the zeal of later copyists. Such myths grow around the life and character of a favourite hero, with wonderful rapidity in the East; and the antiquities of Josephus show how the Jewish mind was addicted to such exaggerations. But to such events as the Egyptian plagues, and the passage of the Red Sea—the memory of which sank deep into, and remained for ever after ineffaceable from the national mind—we would wish them to be considered as more particularly referring.

same purpose, a single tribe was exempted from the perils of war, and the labours of the field, in order that they might have leisure to cultivate and preserve the knowledge of God. Nevertheless, the Jewish people never rose to the full height of their own faith. Even at those periods when their faith was strongest, they appear to have realized the Lord Jehovah only as a national God; not as the supreme and only ruler of the universe. And, as the remembrance of the exodus from Egypt grew less and less vivid, as the people, severed into two rival kingdoms, became a prey to internal dissensions, and less and less capable of opposing attacks from without, the spectacle of the greatness of Damascus, of Assyria, or of Egypt, produced an irresistible conviction that there must be a power resident in the gods of those nations which their own did not possess. Hence, in the history of the Jewish people, we not unfrequently meet with the extraordinary circumstance of the worship of the one God, carried on with all due solemnity, simultaneously with the worship of Baal, or the Queen of Heaven. But even this delusion had been provided for among this people, less capable than any other which the world has seen of shaking off material fetters and rising into the purer atmosphere of spiritual ideas; there was, it may be termed, an order of men, the main characteristic of whose minds was the intensity with which they realised the universal and abiding presence and power of the invisible God. In the vintage and the harvest, in all that we circuitously speak of as the arrangements of Providence, the prophets perceived the direct and immediate agency of God. In plague and famine, and earthquake—in the terrible march of Assyrian hosts—in the gathering of the Chaldean's storm, they heard the sound of the Archangel's trumpet, and beheld the Lord Jehovah coming in the clouds to execute His judgments upon the earth. Apart from God, the mightiest empire in the earth had neither strength nor vitality; and hence their country's wickedness wrung Him with an agony like that of a mother who sees her infant dashed from a precipice. For we must not think of a Jewish prophet as of a man who stands up, on some calm still evening, when not a breath of air stirs in the trees, nor a cloud flecks the sky, and predicts a hurricane of wind and rain immediately to ensue. In those bygone days, as at the present time, coming events cast their shadows before them. In the wickedness of the land he detected the sources of that weakness which tempted the fury of the strong. But not the less, in his absolute assurance that the Judge of all the earth must do right, could the prophet look forward with confidence to the day when this Babylonish power would be broken into pieces, because it stood upon the might of brute force, and not upon the practice of justice, mercy, and truth? Even those visions of future glory,

in which so many people detect the ultimate restoration of the Jews, are not predictions in the sense in which a necromancer or an astrologer may be said to predict. They flow as necessary consequences from the prophet's faith in the promises of God. While he spoke ruin and destruction were impending over the land. But his faith in the words spoken to Abraham never wavers. By some means or other, he feels assured that in *his* seed all the generations of the earth will be blessed. He could, therefore, look through the darkness of the present, to a bright and glorious future lying beyond, when purified by suffering, the people would again return to their own land. Then, when they had become worshippers of the living God in spirit and in truth, they would, indeed, be a blessing to the nations round about. The very fact of their existence, and the manner of their living, would be continual assurances that a mightier power was acting in the earth than the might of brute force. It is, of course, open for any one to say that these prophecies have not been fulfilled because the Jews returned to Palestine as narrow-minded and exclusive as ever; as utterly incapable of being a blessing, either to themselves, or to any one else. But it is certain that if these prophecies are to be interpreted with the rigidity and precision of an Act of Parliament, they never can be fulfilled; while in the spiritual kingdom of Christ, they seem to find a far more beautiful and perfect completion than in the aggrandisement of the Jewish nation. Wheresoever He is enthroned as the rightful Lord of the heart, by any man or nation, the wilderness blossoms like a rose, and streams break out in the desert.

As little children, lisping, talk of heaven,
So thought, beyond their thoughts, to these high bards was given! *

* Commentators have much to answer for, and all charitable people will devoutly hope that their sins will not be laid to their charge. They have piled up wanton injuries upon every book in the Bible, but against none do they sin so grievously, and with such pertinacity as against the prophecies. I am not, of course, alluding to those illustrious scholars in England, France, and Germany, who have brought great natural powers, combined with learning and industry to clear up the obscurities in these writings; but to that vast horde of ephemeral scribblers, whose so-called interpretations of prophecy, in every shape and form, from the portly quarto down to the fourpenny pamphlet, are rained in a continual deluge upon all orthodox church-going people. The people have effectually shrouded both the prophet and his message in impenetrable darkness. By various devices, by severing a few words here and there from the context, by bringing passages from remote parts of the Bible into violent juxtaposition, by mining up in a hap-hazard fashion quotations from Old and New Testaments, by finding Napoleon Bonaparte, the Pope, the Turkish Empire, the Emperor of the French, and others, lurking about the Bible in all kinds of disguises, and under every variety of cognomen—they have converted

Belief in God, then, as the actual ruler of the nation, lay at the foundation of the whole Jewish polity and religion. The greatness and prosperity of the people were essentially connected with the perpetuity and purity of this belief. In estimating the claims of the Old Testament to be a divine revelation, it is, therefore, a matter of the first importance to ascertain from the general tenour of Jewish history if this belief was grounded upon the truth, or was simply a delusion of the imagination. The main facts of that history, which every one admits, and which it is certain that no philological or

the prophecies into a series of baffling conundrums; at which their readers gaze in hopeless bewilderment. We have, at this moment, a pamphlet lying before us, entitled *The Jews and the Church*. It is an exposition of prophecy, according to the popular idea of exposition. The author disclaims all originality. He says that his views are "the result of reading, conversation, and meditation;" and this is his method of discovering in Scripture the future of the Jews: "But the Lord will gather them the second time," Isaiah xi. 10; "from the land of the North, and all lands," Jeremiah xvi. 14-15, "for the Lord watches over them to plant," Jeremiah xxxi., "with his whole heart and soul," Jeremiah xxxii., 36-44, "apparently by means of a maritime nation," Isaiah xviii.; "so that Ephraim and Judah become one nation in the land," Ezekiel xxxvii., 15-28. "They return at first in unbelief: planting pleasant plants, and setting it with strange slips," Isaiah xvii., 9-11; "choosing their own ways," Isaiah lxvi., 1-4; "apparently by means of an unholy covenant," John v., 43; Matthew xii., 45; Isaiah xxviii., 14-15; Daniel ix., 27. "They undergo new accumulated suffering, called Jacob's trouble," Jeremiah xxx., 7, "the days of vengeance," Isaiah xxxiv., 8, lxi., 2, lxiii., 4, Luke xxi., 20-24, "such as never were before," Daniel xii., 1; "and never shall be again," Matthew xxiv., 15-22, "and shortened for the elect's sake," Mark xiii., 14-20; "a day of grief and desperate sorrow," Isaiah xvii., 11, "wherein prayer, intercession, and sacrifice is rejected," Isaiah lxii., 3, "for the house of Israel is melted up in his fury," Ezekiel xxii., 17-22, "and receive double recompense for their sins and iniquity," Jeremiah xvi. 18, with a great deal more to the same effect. The author of this pamphlet is probably a reasonable creature upon other matters, but too much study of prophetic commentators has reduced him to this condition on the subject of prophecy. There are countless similar publications; and many of the authors being clergymen, they have, to the minds of their readers, a certain amount of authority. The sceptics whom these writers are continually reading, do not accomplish a tithe part of the mischief which they do. Their writings are rarely read except by those who are qualified to form an independent judgment on their merits; but these pernicious publications are introduced into almost every household in the land, engendering wheresoever they appear, the notion that it is useless for a plain unlearned man to attempt to understand the most glorious lyrical poetry that has ever been uttered upon earth. It is not too much to say, that if the Prophecies had been allowed to remain in the original Hebrew, they would be little less known, and certainly not more unintelligible than they appear to be at present, to the great majority of English people. Indeed, few people can be said to *study* the Bible at all. They take it only as medicine in small doses, at stated intervals, hoping that in some occult manner it will do them good, just like medicine.

scientific discoveries can ever overthrow, show, on the one hand, that so long as the Jewish nation did believe in God—did trust in him as the actual ruler of the nation—they were possessed of a power which was not their own. They were able to rise superior to the evil tendencies of their own natures. They were strong to repel the assaults of all nations from without. On the other hand, from the moment that they began to forget God—from the moment that they conceived that He held only a divided sway over the earth, the glory of the nation departed. Profligacy, idolatry, deceit, tyranny, and civil strife ate out the strength of the nation from within. The hostile armies which had recoiled broken and shattered before the inviolable strength of a God-fearing people, swept like a flood over a nation of idolaters, and carried them away. They also show that even captivity could not rob this extraordinary people of the awful consciousness that God was their King: prosperity and adversity were both potent to bring them to a knowledge of Him; and when, at length, after seventy years of bondage, they were restored to their own land, the leaven of idolatry had been clean purged out.

Now, that men of science living at the present time should have discovered that the writers of this history did not possess a knowledge of the laws of nature equal to their own, appears to us a discovery of no importance whatever. It is incredible that they should have done so. From the whole tenour of the narrative we perceive that, except in their religious faith, the Jews were in one respect in advance of the contemporaneous nations, it is therefore highly unreasonable to expect that an exception to this rule should have been made in favour of scientific knowledge. Neither is it a matter of surprise or of moment that in the course of the frequent transcripts of the Old Testament which must have been made by men, indifferent to strict historic truth, but very eager to make their forefathers as grand and imposing as possible, errors, misstatements, and exaggerations of all kinds should have become imbedded in the original narrative. A conviction of the likelihood of such errors existing in our copies of the Bible lies at the root of that reception which the laity have awarded to the writings of Bishop Colenso. Those books were especially addressed (according to their author) to laymen, but very few laymen have cared to wade deep into those dreary statistics which the Bishop terms a critical examination of the Pentateuch. They have perceived that in whatever way the questions which he raises are finally settled, the decision can neither strengthen nor diminish their faith in God. They do not touch upon that faith; but sound like strange voices coming out of unknown lands, whose import is both unintelligible, and indifferent to them. God revealed Himself to the Jews as the king of that nation. That revelation (if it be a revelation) is of importance to us, because God being the

same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, must continue to govern the world of this present time upon the same principles as those which are recorded for our edification in the Bible. The true confirmation therefore for the divine origin of the Old Testament faith, must be sought for in the fate of empires, and the history of the world. In the space of a single essay, it is of course impossible to enter upon such a vast inquiry as this, but we commend the following facts to our readers as worthy of attention.

In all the great empires which have risen on the earth, we find that so long as rulers and people believed in a Divine Power upholding them, they continued flourishing and prosperous; that as soon as this belief was extinguished, the empire fell to pieces. But we also discover the important and suggestive fact, that there is no special vitality in monotheism as a mere trust. Judging from the present condition of India, China, Japan, the Turkish empire, and, indeed, all the Asiatic kingdoms, monotheism can only conduct the nations to a certain limit in the march of life. Then the infirmities of our nature resume the predominance, step by step the grossest forms of idolatry are established, or the nation sinks into prostration under the enervating fatalism. At this time, throughout the world, there are no signs of progress, no development of intellect, no national unity, except in those lands which place their trust in the God who is revealed to us in the Old Testament. The conviction that He was watching over them and guiding them put a new spirit in the dead bones of the nations after the fall of the Roman empire. It conducted the people out of the horrors and darkness of gross barbarism into the light of a constantly increasing civilization. It has made us conquerors over the terrors of nature, and the superstitions of our own minds. Every crime—and they are, alas! too many—of the European nations, can be traced to their forgetfulness of God, or their desire to supplement his power with contrivances of their own. And surely there is no need to go back to the annals of the Jews for evidences of the truth of the prophets' teaching. They tell us that God has enacted a rule of conduct for the nations, from which they cannot swerve aside except at their own cost. They tell us that God has decreed that the strength of a people shall lie in the practice of the right; that every deviation from this introduces elements of weakness, and seeds of decay. If, therefore, England, like a hundred-handed giant, stretches out her arms, north, south, east, and west, if civilization and good government, peace and prosperity flourish beneath her fostering care, are not these things so because as a nation we do acknowledge that there is a law of conduct which we are bound to obey. As certainly in the misery and squalor which defaces the streets of our great towns, in the mean and sordid character of our tradespeople, in the wide spreading misery

of strikes, in the terrorism of trade unions, in the ignorance and wretchedness of the agricultural classes we may detect the elements of weakness—the seeds of decay, which are engendered by deviations from the practice of justice, mercy and truth. We are not aware of any land which, having avowedly neglected the practice of these principles, has continued to flourish. Those whose places in the community of nations are known no more have invariably become rotten to the very core through internal corruption before they fell a prey to more powerful neighbours. We do not now, as in the olden days, perceive God's visible power going on before us like a fiery cloud, or parting the waves of the sea, but we are not aware that any nation has ever succeeded in eradicating from their minds the awful consciousness of His existence. The most fearful eras in the annals of mankind have been those when this consciousness waxed faint—the noblest when men most clearly perceived, and most heartily acknowledged that He is the ruler of the universe.

Now, these are evidences for the truth of the Old Testament stronger than which we cannot conceive of. No man can see God, but when we perceive that nations flourish or decay according to the depth and sincerity of their acknowledgment of the God who was revealed to the Jews, when we find that the strength and progress of a nation depend upon the practice of principles of conduct which were gradually unfolded to them, it seems an inevitable inference that their faith must have been founded upon fact. This evidence is of exactly the same character as that on which we believe in an external world. Philosophers tell us that there is no *proof* of an external world. It is not possible for a man to disconnect himself from his own receptive capacity, and standing as it were on some point of indifference, behold the external world on the one hand, and the mind of man on the other, combine to make up those "permanent possibilities of sensation," which Mr. Mill tells us are all that we really know of the external world. Nevertheless, all of us are of opinion that it is eminently satisfactory to the reason to accept the external world as a fact, because it perfectly fulfils the requisitions of all scientific discovery, by affording a complete, simple, and never failing explanation of the phenomena involved.

Try to conceive the condition of Europe if the conviction of a moral ruler of the universe were suddenly eradicated from the minds of men. What protection would there be for the weak against the strong? what safeguard for individual liberty? what barrier against persecution? It is the irremediable defect of all systems for regenerating mankind, which are not rooted in the will of God, that they would never be enforced except by a system of wholesale persecution. It is the consciousness of these things that cause the heart and the conscience (in the words of the Psalmist) to thirst for the living

God. The message which the Bible brings us, is that the living God is the ruler of the universe. That he has enacted a law of conduct for men and nations just as he has given laws of motion to the heavenly bodies. In the fulfilment of that law, is peace and prosperity; in its transgression, ruin and woe. All nations, without exception, consciously or unconsciously, have, like the Jews, acknowledged the excellence of the law, and all, without exception, having wilfully transgressed it, have reaped the penalty, in varying degrees, according to the extent of their deviations. Until some better solution of the past is given, some brighter and more assured hope for the future, and some more admirable rule of natural conduct for the present, than is to be found in the Old Testament, we have no need to relinquish our belief in the divine character of that book.

In the aspect which theology presents to many minds, the most notable feature is a total absence of perspective. In their systems—if such they may be called—there is no subordination of parts—no differing degrees of importance. Like a bad pre-raphaelite picture, everything is forced into an unnatural prominence, and invested with an ultra sacredness. To them the foregoing essay will appear “flat burglary as was ever committed.” In their estimation, it is a far more important matter to vindicate the complete accuracy of every statement in the Old Testament, than to dwell upon that spirit of eternal truth which is to be found in its pages. We, too, consider that every portion of the Bible should be subjected to the severest scrutiny. But there is no occasion to quake with fear at the discovery of inaccuracy. The battle of Marathon, and the victory of Salamis, are undeniable facts in the history of the world, although the numbers of the Persian hosts must for ever remain a matter of uncertainty. We do not study the Bible for the sake of accurate statistical or chronological information. We wish to know if there is any method working in the seeming chaos of this world’s affairs. We wish to know if there is any better hope for mankind, than the chance of a universal adoption of Christ’s system of regeneration. Accordingly it is a small thing to know the exact number of Israelites who came out of Egypt. But it is a great thing to know that God delivered them. With the memory of that deliverance present in our minds we can bid “God speed” to all people who are struggling against tyranny. It is a small matter if the first chapter of Genesis, with adroit handling, can be reconciled with the scientific discoveries of the present day. Even then to be of any living value it must have borne some other meaning to the generations that have been before us; it must bear some other meaning to the ages which are yet to come when the scientific knowledge of the nineteenth century will be reckoned as a very little thing. But is a great thing to feel assured that all

things under heaven have been made for man. In the light of this grand revelation we can bid "God speed" to men of science. We know that in whatever spirit they are working, for us or against us, their labours can only result in a further disclosure of God's gracious purposes to man. We can appeal to the effects of all vast discovery, as our surest hope for the future. For every triumph over nature has wrought some amelioration in the condition of man, has removed another obstacle from the path of his moral and material progress.

IV.

THE MONKS OF THE WEST.*

MONASTICISM is by no means peculiar to Christianity. In the far East, the contemplative Buddhist, in whose religious system there was little room for the discharge of practical duties, betook himself to seclusion from the rest of the world, either by himself alone, or in company with others of a like determination, to a speculative existence, who formed a society.

The prime introduction of Christian monasticism, is, however, to be traced to another origin. It arose simply from the instinct of self-preservation. The life which the fierce spirit of pagan cruelty and superstition would not allow to be passed in the exercise of an aggressive, evangelizing, Christian beneficence *in* the world, must be passed in godly meditation and self-communion *out* of the world. It is thus that the sanguinary intolerance of heathen governments may be regarded as the *injusta noverca* of menutic and conventual seclusion. It was proper that the voices which were not suffered to be heard in the highways of the world in advocacy of the religion of Christ, should ascend from the wilds and the wilderness, sweetly resounding in prayer and praise from beyond the ordinary verges of human life. Thus did the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

The Thebaid, a district in southern or upper Egypt, may be

* 1. *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard.* By the Count de Montalembert, Member of the French Academy. Vol. III. William Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1867.

regarded as the cradle of Christian monasticism. St. Antony, famous for his real virtues, and for his reputed visions and conflicts with the evil one, attracts our attention as being among the very first of the monks of the Thebaid to emerge into personal and historical distinctness. He had, as we are informed by Sozomen and others—more particularly by Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, and the biographer of Antony—many renowned disciples, of whom some flourished in Egypt, and others in Lybia, Palestine, Syria, and Arabia. These, like their master, all dwelt in solitude, and subjugated themselves, whilst they instructed others in philosophy and virtue. “But,” says Sozomen, “it would be difficult to find the disciples of Antony or their successors, for they sought concealment more earnestly than many ambitious men, by means of pomp and show, seek for popularity and renown.”

Entire seclusion from the world can be justified only by the impossibility of acting on the world for good. No man has a right to travel, even to heaven, by a solitary path, so long as he has a chance of crowding a highway with pilgrims in the same direction. The earliest Christian recluses made their retirement minister to the interests of education; the youth who flocked to their teaching were trained to play their part in life, or else to perpetuate the succession of instructors to this end.

It is not for us, when about to exhibit a few of the particulars of St. Colomba and St. Augustine, as related by the Count de Montalembert in the present volume of his “*operasus labor*”—the “Monks of the West”—it is not for us to discuss the legitimacy of the monastic life. Its apology and its deprecation are severally furnished by time and circumstance. There is no unbending criterion by which it must stand or fall; by which it must be either praised absolutely, or absolutely condemned. One thing, however, is certain, that the monastic life never presents an aspect so grand or majestic as when it subserves the ends of missionary effort amongst the cruelties and darkness of heathen neighbours whom it wishes to convert to the light and love of the gospel of Christ.

The design of the Count de Montalembert, which has been many years in progress, and is gradually advancing on the road to completion, is to give a survey of the life, labours, and influence of the “Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard.” His previous volumes have treated of the Fathers of the Desert, and the associations of the Thebiad. He has depicted the character and the work of “St. Antony, the first abbot,” and “St. Paul, the first hermit.” He has exhibited the sweet disposition of the two fast friends, St. Basil and St. Gregory; and lamented over the too general fall of the monks of the East into the snares of heresy, and their too frequent straggling into the byways of schism. In his

second volume, M. de Montalembert turns from the East to a consideration of the "Monastic Precursors in the West." A sketch of the life and times of St. Benedict follows, that great monk of the fifth and sixth centuries, whose followers have made their monastery of Monte Cassino famous and dear amongst all enlightened Christians and cultured people. Our readers will remember that only lately, amidst the general secularization of monastic foundations in Italy, the splendid fame of Monte Cassino has spared it at the almost unanimous intercession of lettered Europe. After the great St. Benedict, come Gregory the Great, St. Patrick, and St. Columbanus. These, it should be stated, are the most prominent figures in the procession which M. de Montalembert has marshalled for our advantage. The gaps are, of course, filled up with men of kindred spirits, but of smaller mental proportions or of less repute in the world for the footprints they have left behind them in the sands of time.

The latest of M. de Montalembert's published volumes is of peculiar interest for the people of these islands, being devoted chiefly to the lives of "St. Columba, the apostle of Caledonia," and to "St. Augustin of Canterbury." The idea of the Count de Montalembert seems to be that of working out history by means of biography; but there is much in such a work as his to be done which cannot very well be rendered amenable to mere biographic treatment. In the present volume, for instance, the first book is devoted to a consideration of the "Christian Origin of the British Isles," being divided into three chapters, which treat severally of "Great Britain before the conversion of the Saxons," "The Saints and Monks of Wales," and "Monastic Ireland after St. Patrick."

If we had unlimited space at our command, we should have the pleasure, as in that case we should think it to be the duty, of transcribing from our author's introductory chapter a genial, hearty, but discriminating and qualified estimate of the English people. Born in London, and himself English by the mother's side, it is interesting to study the estimate he has formed of that Protestant nation which he, a sometime Ultramontanist, and present Catholic Liberal, confesses to be the most pious of contemporary Christendom. He asks:—

How, then, has this nation, in which a perfectly pagan pride survives and triumphs, and which has nevertheless remained, even in the bosom of error, the most religious of all European nations, become Christian? How and by what means has Christianity struck root so indestructibly in her soil? This is surely a question of radical interest among all the great questions of history, and one which takes new importance and interest when it is considered that upon the conversion of England there has depended, and still depends, the conversion of so

many millions of souls. English Christianity has been the cradle of Christianity in Germany; from the depths of Germany, missionaries formed by the Anglo-Saxons have carried the faith into Scandinavia and among the Slaves; and even at the present time, either by the fruitful expansion of Irish orthodoxy, or by the obstinate zeal of the Protestant propaganda, Christian societies, which speak English and live like Englishmen, come into being every day throughout North America, in the two Indies, in immense Australia, and in the Isles of the Pacific. The Christianity of nearly half of the world flows, or will flow, from the fountain which first burst forth upon British soil.

It is possible to answer this fundamental question with the closest precision. No country in the world has received the Christian faith more directly from the Church of Rome, or more exclusively by the ministrations of monks.

If France has been made by bishops, as has been said by a great enemy of Jesus Christ, it is still more true that Christian England has been made by monks. Of all the countries of Europe it is this that has been the most deeply furrowed by the monastic plough. The monks, and the monks alone, have introduced, sowed, and cultivated Christian civilization in this famous island.

From whence came these monks? From two very distinct sources—from Rome and Ireland. British Christianity was produced by the rivalry, and sometimes by the conflict, of the monastic missionaries of the Roman and of the Celtic Church.

It is, as we have seen before, to the illustration of the careers of the two great typical monks of these several churches, that M. de Montalembert addresses himself. And first he speaks of the great Irish monk and missionary, St. Columba, the founder, the ornament, the pride of Hebridean Iona.

"It is well known," says M. de Montalembert, "that the unanimous testimony of Christendom conferred upon Ireland at this period [the sixth century] the name of *Isle of Saints*; but

it is much less known that these saints were all, or almost all, attached to monastic institutions, which retained a discipline and regularity, steady, but strangely allied to the violence and eccentricity of the national character. The ancient relics of Irish tradition show them to us classified, and as if ranged in line of battle, in three orders or battalions, by the poetic and warlike imagination of the Celt: the first, commanded by St. Patrick, was composed exclusively of bishops—Roman, Briton, Frankish, or Scotie—and shone like the sun; the second commanded by St. Columba, and composed of priests, shone like the moon; and the third, under the orders of Colman and Aidan, was composed at once of bishops, priests, and hermits, and shone like the stars.

The Saints of Ireland had collectively an unenviable reputation

for vindictiveness; a point which we request the reader to bear in mind when he comes to read the summary of the character of St. Columba, as transcribed from the pages of M. de Montalembert. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing near the end of the twelfth century, devotes a chapter to the observation of this phenomenon, and speculations as to the probable cause of it. The chapter in question is short, and to the following effect:—

“It appears to me as very remarkable, and deserving of notice, that, as in the present life the people of the Irish nation are beyond all others irascible and prompt to revenge, so also in the life that is after death, the saints of this country, exalted by their merits above those of other lands, appear to be of a vindictive temper, there appears to me no other way of accounting for this circumstance but this:—As the Irish people possessed no castles, while the country is full of marauders who live by plunder, the people, and more especially the ecclesiastics, made it their practice to have recourse to the churches, instead of fortified places, as refuges for themselves and their property; and by divine Providence and permission, there was frequent need that the Church should visit her enemies with the severest chastisements; this being the only mode by which evil-doers and impious men could be deterred from breaking the peace of ecclesiastical societies, and for securing even to a servile submission the reverence due to the very churches themselves, from a rude and irreligious people.”*

Columba was descended from one of the eight sons of the great King Niall of the Nine Hostages, who was supreme monarch of all Ireland from 379 to 405, at the period when Patrick was brought to the island as a slave. Consequently he sprang from a race which had reigned in Ireland for six centuries; and, in virtue of the ordinary law of succession, might himself have been called to the throne. His mother belonged to a reigning family in Leinster, one of the four subordinate kingdoms of the island. He was born at Gartan, in one of the wildest districts of the present county of Donegal—where the slab of stone upon which his mother lay at the moment of his birth is still shown. He who passes a night upon that stone is cured for ever from the pangs of nostalgia, and will never be consumed, while absent or in exile, by a too passionate love for his country. Such at least is the belief of the poor Irish emigrants, who flock thither at the moment when they are about to abandon the confiscated and ravaged soil of their country to seek their living in America, moved by a touching recollection of the great missionary who gave up his native land for the love of God and human souls.

The career of the “predestined saint” was foreshadowed in a dream with which the mother of Columba was favoured before the birth of her illustrious son.

* *Topography of Ireland.* Distinction 11, Chapter iv.

Before his birth, his mother had a dream, which posterity has accepted as a graceful and poetical symbol of her son's career. An angel appeared to her, bringing her a veil covered with flowers of wonderful beauty, and the sweetest variety of colours; immediately after she saw the veil carried away by the wind, and rolling out as it fled over plains, woods, and mountains: then the angel said to her, "Thou art about to become the mother of a son, who shall blossom for heaven, who shall be reckoned among the prophets of God, and who shall lead numberless souls to the heavenly country." This spiritual power, this privilege of leading souls to heaven, was recognised by the Irish people, converted by St. Patrick, as the greatest glory which its princes and great men could gain.

The training of the youthful Columba, was such as, coinciding with his natural disposition to piety, was pretty sure to determine him to the exercise of a monastic vocation; whilst the prestige of his royal descent—in virtue of which the supreme sovereignty of Ireland was a possibility to him if he had been affected by the ambition of mere worldly state and power—fixed even his conventual rôle as that of a leader and superior.

It is easy to perceive, by the importance of the monastic establishments which he had brought into being even before he had attained the age of manhood, that his influence must have been as precocious as it was considerable. Apart from the virtues of which his after life afforded so many examples, it may be supposed that his royal birth gave him an irresistible ascendancy in a country where, since the introduction of Christianity, all the early saints, like the principal abbots, belonged to reigning families, and where the influence of blood and the worship of genealogy continue, even to this day, to a degree unknown in other lands. Springing, as has been said, from the same race as the monarch of all Ireland, and consequently himself eligible for the same high office, which was more frequently obtained by election or usurpation than inheritance—nephew or near cousin of the seven monarchs who successively wielded the supreme authority during his life—he was also related by ties of blood to almost all the provincial kings. Thus we see him, during his whole career, treated on a footing of perfect intimacy and equality by all the princes of Ireland and of Caledonia, and exercising a sort of spiritual sway equal or superior to the authority of secular sovereigns.

Before he had reached the age of twenty-five, he had presided over the creation of a crowd of monasteries. As many as thirty-seven in Ireland alone recognized him as their founder. Yet priest, and monk, and founder of religious societies as he was, Columba could not brook a certain indignity which had been offered him by his kinsman King Diarmid. He effected his escape from the confinement to which he had been subjected within the precincts of that

monarch's court at Tara, to his own province of Tyrconnell, where he roused the fiery spirits of his friends and clansmen to make war upon Diarmid. Victory declared for the insurgents; but the conscience of Columba smote him sorely at the thought of the bloodshed to which he had given occasion. A sentence of excommunication was furthermore passed upon him by a synod which assembled (A.D. 562) at Feilte, the modern village of Teltown, near Kells, in the county of Meath.

Vainly for a long time did Columba wander, seeking rest and a sense of pardon. At length he repaired to Abban, a famous monk of the time, who was reputed to have extraordinary power with heaven.

"I come," said Columba, addressing this holy man "to beseech thee to pray for the souls of all those who have perished in the late war, which I raised for the honour of the Church. I know they will obtain grace by thy intercession, and I conjure thee to ask what is the will of God in respect to them from the angel who talks with thee every day." The aged solitary, without reproaching Columba, resisted his entreaties for some time, by reason of his great modesty, but ended by consenting; and after having prayed, gave him the assurance that these souls enjoyed eternal repose.

Columba, thus reassured as to the fate of the victims of his rage, had still to be enlightened in respect to his own duty. He found the light which he sought from a holy monk called Molaise, famed for his studies of Holy Scripture, who had already been his confessor, and whose ruined monastery is still visible in one of the isles of the Atlantic. This severe hermit confirmed the decision of the synod; but to the obligation of converting to the Christian faith an equal number of pagans as there were of Christians killed in the civil war he added a new condition, which bore cruelly upon a soul so passionately attached to country and kindred. The confessor condemned his penitent to perpetual exile from Ireland. Columba bowed to this sentence with sad resignation—"What you have commanded," he said, "shall be done."

In accordance with these terms of duty and expiation, Columba dedicated the rest of his life to the penance of a voluntary exile, and to preaching the faith among the heathen. He settled at Iona, one of the Hebrides, of which M. de Montalembert favours us with the following description:—

Nothing could be more sullen and sad than the aspect of this celebrated isle, where not a single tree has been able to resist either the blighting wind or the destroying hand of man. Only three miles in length by two in breadth, flat and low, bordered by grey rocks which scarcely rise above the level of the sea, and overshadowed by the high and sombre peaks of the great island of Mull, it has not even the

wild beauty which is conferred upon the neighbouring isles and shores by their basalt cliffs, which are often of prodigious height—or which belongs to the hills, often green and rounded at the summit, whose perpendicular sides are beaten incessantly by those Atlantic waves, which bury themselves in resounding caverns hollowed by the everlasting labours of that tumultuous sea. Upon the narrow surface of the island white stretches of sand alternate with scanty pastures, a few poor crops, and the turf-moors where the inhabitants find their fuel. Poor as the culture is, it seems everywhere resisted and disputed by the gneiss rocks, which continually crop out, and in some places form an almost inextricable labyrinth. The only attraction possessed by this sombre dwelling-place is the view of the sea, and of the mountains of Mull and the other islands, to the number of twenty or thirty, which may be distinguished from the top of the northern hill of Iona. Among these is Staffa, celebrated for the grotto of Fingal, which has been known only for about a century, and which, in the time of Columba, moaned and murmured in its solitary and unknown majesty, in the midst of that Hebridean archipelago which is at present haunted by so many curious admirers of the Highland shores and ruined feudal castles, which the great bard of our century has enshrined in the glory of his verse.

The bay where Columba landed is still called the *bay of the osier bark*, *Port a Churraich*; and a long mound is pointed out to strangers as representing the exact size of his boat, which was sixty feet long. The emigrant did not remain in this bay, which is situate in the middle of the isle; he went higher up, and, to find a little shelter from the great sea winds, chose for his habitation the eastern shore, opposite the large island of Mull, which is separated from Iona only by a narrow channel of a mile in breadth, and whose highest mountains, situated more to the east, approach and almost identify themselves with the mountain tops of Morven, which are continually veiled with clouds. It was there that the emigrants built their huts of branches, for the island was not then, as now, destitute of wood. When Columba had made up his mind to construct for himself and his people a settled establishment, the buildings of the new-born monastery were of the greatest simplicity. As in all Celtic constructions, walls of withes or branches, supported upon long wooden props, formed the principal element in their architecture. Climbing plants, especially ivy, interlacing itself in the interstices of the branches, at once ornamented and consolidated the modest shelter of the missionaries. The Irish built scarcely any churches of stone, and retained, up to the twelfth century, as St. Bernard testifies, the habit of building their churches of wood. But it was not for some years after their first establishment that the monks of Iona permitted themselves the luxury of a wooden church; and when they did so, great oaks, such as the sterile and wind-beaten soil of their islet could not produce, had to be brought for its construction from the neighbouring shore.

Thus the monastic capital of Scotland, and the centre of Christian civilisation in the north of Great Britain, came into being thirteen centu-

ries ago. Some ruins of a much later date than the days of Columba, though still very ancient, mingled among a few cottages scattered on the shore, still point out the site.

"We were now treading," said, in the eighteenth century, the celebrated Johnson, who was the first to recall the attention of the British public to this profaned sanctuary—"we were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever make the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!"

The iron of exile entered deeply into the soul of Columba. "Death," says one of the songs which has been attributed to him—"death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albyn." Nevertheless, he girded himself as a man, a hero, and a Christian to run with patience the race set before him. His resignation grew into cheerfulness, and his other graces increased and multiplied. He tutored his pride into humility, his fierceness into meekness and beneficence; and directed his activities into the noblest of channels—that of preaching the Gospel to the heathen of the neighbouring mainland, the Picts, the "dwellers by the northern mountains." Columba had the happiness of seeing the Northern Picts converted to the faith through his instrumentality; the Southern Picts having long before received baptism at the hands of Bishop Ninias, a native of North Wales, and a champion of orthodoxy against the false teaching of the heresiarch Pelagius, his contemporary and countryman.

St. Columba presided over his monastery in Iona, for more than thirty years; and died at the age of nearly eighty, whilst worshipping in the church which had been built for the services of his society. "Dear children," was the last message to his monks of this tamed and gentle but always intrepid warrior of the cross:—

"Dear children, this is what I command with my last words—let peace and charity, a charity mutual and sincere, reign always among you! If you act thus, following the example of the saints, God who strengthens the just will help you, and I, who shall be near Him, will intercede on your behalf, and you shall obtain of Him not only all the necessities

of the present life in sufficient quantity, but still more the rewards of eternal life, reserved for those who keep His law."

These were his last words. As soon as the midnight bell had rung for the matins of the Sunday festival, he rose and hastened before the other monks to the church, where he knelt down before the altar. Diarmid followed him, but as the church was not yet lighted he could only find him by groping and crying in a plaintive voice, "Where art thou, my father?" He found Columba lying before the altar, and, placing himself at his side, raised the old abbot's venerable head upon his knees. The whole community soon arrived with lights, and wept as one man at the sight of their dying father. Columba opened his eyes once more, and turned them to his children on either side with a look full of serene and radiant joy. Then with the aid of Diarmid he raised, as best he might, his right hand to bless them all; his hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips; and his face remained calm and sweet like that of a man who in his sleep had seen a vision of heaven.

Such was the life and death of the first great apostle of Great Britain.

In a confused age and unknown region he displayed all that is greatest and purest, and, it must be added, most easily forgotten in human genius: the gift of ruling souls by ruling himself. To select the most marked and graphic incidents from the general tissue of his life, and those most fit to unfold that which attracts the modern reader—that is, his personal character and influence upon contemporary events—from a world of minute details having almost exclusive reference to matters supernatural or ascetical, has been no easy task. But when this is done, it becomes comparatively easy to represent to ourselves the tall old man, with his fine and regular features, his sweet and powerful voice, the Irish tonsure high on his shaven head, and his long locks falling behind, clothed with his monastic cowl, and seated at the prow of his coracle, steering through the misty archipelago and narrow lakes of the north of Scotland, and bearing from isle to isle, and from shore to shore, light, justice, and truth, the life of the conscience and of the soul.

One loves above all to study the depths of that soul, and the changes which had taken place in it since its youth. No more than his namesake of Luxeuil, the monastic apostle of Burgundy, was he of the Picts and Scots a *Columba*. Gentleness was of all qualities precisely the one in which he failed the most. At the beginning of his life the future abbot of Iona showed himself still more than the abbot of Luxeuil to be animated by all the vivacities of his age, associated with all the struggles and discords of his race and country. He was vindictive, passionate, bold, a man of strife, born a soldier rather than a monk, and known, praised, and blamed as a soldier—so that even in his lifetime he was invoked in fight; and continued a soldier, *insulanus miles*, even

upon the island rock from which he rushed forth to preach, convert, enlighten, reconcile, and reprimand both princes and nations, men and women, laymen and clerks.

He was at the same time full of contradictions and contrasts—at once tender and irritable, rude and courteous, ironical and compassionate, caressing and imperious, grateful and revengeful—led by pity as well as by wrath, ever moved by generous passions, and among all passions fired to the very end of his life by two which his countrymen understand the best, the love of poetry and the love of country. Little inclined to melancholy when he had once surmounted the great sorrow of his life, which was his exile; little disposed even, save towards the end, to contemplation or solitude, but trained by prayer and austerities to triumphs of evangelical exposition; despising rest, untiring in mental and manual toil; born for eloquence, and gifted with a voice so penetrating and sonorous that it was thought of afterwards as one of the most miraculous gifts that he had received of God; frank and loyal, original and powerful in his words as in his actions—in cloister and mission and parliament, on land and on sea, in Ireland as in Scotland, always swayed by the love of God and of his neighbour, whom it was his will and pleasure to serve with an impassioned uprightness. Such was Columba. Besides the monk and missionary, there was in him the makings of a sailor, soldier, poet, and orator. To us, looking back, he appears a personage as singular as he is loveable, in whom, through all the mists of the past and all the cross-lights of legend, the man may still be recognised under the saint—a man capable and worthy of the supreme honour of holiness, since he knew how to subdue his inclinations, his weakness, his instincts, and his passions, and to transform them into docile and invincible weapons for the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

We have no desire to accuse M. de Montalembert of any conscious misrepresentation or unfair suppression in his sketch of the life of St. Augustin of Canterbury. But it is at least natural that we should prefer other readings of the facts and principles of Augustin's mission in this country, to those which the noble author of *Monks of the West* would have us receive. It is the business of his whole undertaking to glorify the members of the religious orders; and recognising this as underlying his entire plan, it would be idle to object to his anxiety to throw lustre over the characters and actions of individual monks. We trace a very pronounced purpose of painting the pre-Augustinian Christianity of Britain in as dark colours as ever the truth will warrant; and this evidently with a view of heightening the obligations under which Christian England lies to monasticism and to the Papacy. It is by such a process that the charge of ecclesiastical "rebellion" against their spiritual fathers and benefactors is made, by M. de Montalembert, to lie with the greatest possible force against a people whose love of freedom in

thought and politics has led them with disdain to repudiate the claims of Rome.

The great facts of the mission of the first Archbishop of Canterbury are more or less familiar to all our readers. They have within late years been detailed in Dr. Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops*, and they were exhibited in summary in the opening article of the first number of the *Churchman's Family Magazine*. It will be to the purpose, therefore, if passing over these incidents for a knowledge of which we and M. de Montalembert depend upon the ecclesiastical classics of our own literature, we present two or three studies of things, extraneous yet relevant, which M. de Montalembert is perhaps the first to introduce, in a like connection, to the English reader. We select first, the particulars of that Monastery of St. Andrew, on Mount Cœlius, from which went forth Augustin and his band of forty monks, to the second evangelising of the people of this country.

This monastery is the one which now bears the name of St. Gregory, and is known to all who have visited Rome. That incomparable city contains few spots more attractive and more worthy of eternal remembrance. The sanctuary occupies the western angle of Mount Cœlius, and the site of the hallowed grove and fountain which Roman mythology has consecrated by the graceful and touching fable of Numa and the nymph Egeria. It is at an equal distance from the Circus Maximus, the baths of Caracalla, and the Coliseum, and near to the church of the holy martyrs John and Paul. The cradle of English Christianity is thus planted on the soil steeped with the blood of many thousand of martyrs. In front rises the Mons Palatinus, the cradle of heathen Rome, still covered with the vast remains of the palace of the Cæsars. To the left of the grand staircase which leads to the existing monastery, three small buildings stand apart on a plot of glass. On the door of one you read these words—*Triclinium Pauperum*; and within is preserved the table at which every day were seated the twelve beggars whom Gregory fed and personally waited upon. The other is dedicated to the memory of his mother, Silvia, who had followed his example in devoting herself to a religious life, and whose portrait he had caused to be painted in the porch of his monastery.

Between these two small edifices stands the oratory dedicated by Gregory, while still a simple monk, to the apostle, St. Andrew, at the time when he transformed his patrimonial mansion into the cloister whence were to issue the apostles of England. In the church of the monastery, which now belongs to the Camaldolites, is still shown the pulpit from which Gregory preached, the bed on which he took his brief repose, the altar before which he must have so often prayed for the conversion of his beloved English. On the façade of the church an inscription records that thence set out the first apostles of the Anglo-Saxons, and preserves their names. Under the porch are seen the tombs of some generous Englishmen who

died in exile for their fidelity to the religion which these apostles taught them; and, among other sepulchral inscriptions, this which follows may be remarked and remembered: "Here lies Robert Pecham, an English Catholic, who, after the disruption of England and the Church, quitted his country, unable to endure life there without the faith, and who, coming to Rome, died, unable to endure life here without his country."

Where is the Englishman worthy of the name who, in looking from the Palatine to the Coliseum, could contemplate without emotion and without remorse this spot from whence have come to him the faith and name of Christian, the Bible of which he is so proud—the Church herself of which he has preserved but the shadow? Here were the enslaved children of his ancestors gathered together and saved. On these stones they knelt who made his country Christian. Under these roofs was the grand design conceived by a saintly mind, intrusted to God, blessed by Him, accepted and carried out by humble and generous Christians. By these steps descended the forty monks who bore to England the Word of God and the light of the Gospel along with Catholic unity, the apostolical succession, and the rule of St. Benedict. No country ever received the gift of salvation more directly from popes and monks, and none, alas! so soon and so cruelly betrayed them.

We do not wait to add a single tear to the grief manifested by M. de Montalembert at the unfilial conduct and the treacherous ingratitude of the people of England; but proceed to the ineffectual conferences which Augustin held with a view to bringing the British bishops to acknowledge his provincial authority.

Augustin knew well that he needed the aid of the Celtic Christians in order to carry on successfully the great work which the Papacy had intrusted to him. Trained in the conciliatory and moderate school of St. Gregory the Great, fresh from his recent instructions, he was very far from being exclusive in regard to local personages or customs; and in order to effect the conversion of the Saxons, he claimed in all good faith the co-operation of the numerous and powerful clergy who, for more than a century, had been the very soul of the resistance to the heathen, and who peopled those great cloisters of Wales, into which the sword of the invader had never penetrated.

But the British resisted him with a jealous and obstinate opposition.

They would not join him in evangelising their enemies; they had no wish to open to them the gates of heaven.

Augustin, however, succeeded in obtaining the consent of the principal bishops and doctors of Wales to a conference with him. It was arranged that they should meet on the confines of Wessex, near the banks of the Severn, which separated the Saxons from the Britons. The interview, like that of Augustin with Ethelbert, after his landing in Kent, took place in the open air, and under an oak, which for a long time afterwards was known as Augustin's oak. He began, not

by claiming the personal supremacy which the Pope had conceded to him, but by exhorting his hearers to live in Catholic peace with him, and to unite their efforts to his for the evangelisation of the pagans—that is to say, the Saxons. But neither his entreaties, nor his exhortations, nor his reproaches, nor the eloquence of his attendant monks joined to his own, availed to bend the Britons, who persisted in appealing to their own traditions in opposition to the new rules. After a long and laborious disputation, Augustin at last said, “Let us pray God, who maketh brethren to dwell together in unity, to show us by a sign from heaven what traditions we ought to follow. Let a sick man be brought hither, and he whose prayers shall cure him shall be the one whose faith is to be followed.” The British consented reluctantly. An Anglo-Saxon blind man was brought, whom the British bishops could not cure. Then Augustin fell on his knees, and implored God to enlighten the conscience of many of the faithful, by giving sight to this man. Immediately the blind man recovered his vision. The British were touched: they acknowledged that Augustin’s course was just and straightforward, but that they could not renounce their old customs without the consent of their people, and demanded a second assembly, in which their deputies should be more numerous.

The second conference was held soon after. Augustin there found himself in the presence of seven British bishops and of the most learned doctors of the great Monastery of Bangor, which continued more than 3,000 monks, and which was, as we have seen, the centre of religious life in Wales. Before this new meeting, the Britons went to consult an anchorite, much famed among them for his wisdom and his sanctity, and asked him if they ought to give heed to Augustin, and abandon their traditions. “Yes,” said the hermit, “if he is a man of God.” “But how shall we know that?” “If he is meek and lowly of heart, as says the Gospel, it is probable that he carries the yoke of Jesus Christ, and that it is His yoke he offers you; but if he is hard and proud, he comes not from God, and you ought to give no heed to his discourse. In order to prove him, let him arrive the first at the place of council; and if he rises when you approach, you will know that he is a servant of Christ, and you will obey him; but if he rises not to do you honour, then despise him, as he will have despised you.”

The instructions of the anchorite were obeyed. Unfortunately, on arriving at the place of council they found Augustin already seated, *more Romano*, says an historian, and he did not rise to receive them. This was enough to set them against him. “If this man,” said they, “deigns not to rise at our arrival now, how will he slight us when we shall have acknowledged his authority! From that hour they became intractable, and studied to thwart him at every point. Neither then nor at the first conference did the archbishop make any effort to induce them to acknowledge his personal authority. Let it be added, to the honour of this headstrong race, and rebellious but earnest and generous clergy, that Augustin did not approach them with any of those infringements of the purity of the priestly life which some authors have imputed to them. With moderation, in scrupulous conformity

to the instructions of the Pope, he reduced all his claims to three main points. "You have," said he, "many practices which are contrary to our usage, which is that of the universal Church; we will admit them all without difficulty, if only you will believe me on three points: to celebrate Easter at the right time; to complete the sacrament of baptism according to the usage of the holy Roman Church; and to preach the word of God along with us to the English nation." To this threefold demand the Celtic bishops and monks offered a threefold refusal, and added that they would never acknowledge him as archbishop.

It is pleasant to know that M. de Montalembert does not claim perfection either of humility or of any other virtue for St. Augustin, of Canterbury; and that thus he leaves a possible extenuation of the contumacy of the bishops of Britain, which he forbears to put into words in their behalf. They need from us no apology. We take our leave of M. de Montalembert's very eloquent and generally candid volume with a paragraph or two having reference to the deaths and the several characteristics of Gregory and Augustin.

Great men, commissioned by God to begin works which are to be truly great and enduring, seldom live to an old age; and when one of them disappears, it often happens that he carries with him on his way to a better world those who have been on earth his companions, servants, and friends. St. Gregory the Great, whose pontificate has left an ineffaceable impression upon the memory of Christendom, and a peerless example in the annals of the Church, reigned only fifteen years. He died in the early months of the year 605, and two months after Augustin followed his father and friend to the tomb. The Roman missionary was interred, after the Roman custom, by the side of the public way, the Roman road which led from Canterbury to the sea, and in the unfinished church of the famous monastery which was about to assume and to preserve his name.

* * * * *

The nature of the means that Gregory employed to accomplish his work and the moral perfection of the arrangements which he brought to bear on it, are even more to be admired than the work itself;—zeal, devotion, wisdom, moderation, love of souls, and respect for their freedom, pity, generosity, vigilance, indomitable perseverance, divine gentleness, intelligent patience—nothing was wanting in him. We leave the history of his pontificate, and especially of his intercourse with England, with no other regret than that inseparable from witnessing the end of so noble a life; and in losing sight of him, are left uncertain which should be the most admired—his good sense or his good heart, his genius or his virtue.

The figure of St. Augustin of Canterbury naturally pales beside that of St. Gregory the Great; his renown is, as it were, absorbed into the brilliant centre of the Pontiff's glory. And recent English and German historians have taken delight in bringing out the inferior-

ity of the man whom Gregory chose for his vicegerent and his friend. They have vied with each other in decrying his character and services—accusing him by turns of hauteur and of feebleness, of irresolution and of obstinacy, of softness and of vanity; trying, especially, to heighten and magnify the indications of hesitation and of self-seeking which they discover in his life. Let it be permitted to these strange precisians to reproach him with having stopped short of the ideal of which they pretend to dream, and which no hero of theirs has ever approached. To our judgment, the few shadows which fall on the noble career of this great saint are left there to touch the hearts and console the spirits of those who are, like him, infirm, and charged sometimes with a mission which, like him, they judge to be beyond their strength.

Among the workers of great works who have changed the history of the world and decided the fate of nations, one loves to meet with those infirmities, which give encouragement to the common average of men.

V.

UNCLE SAM'S ESTATE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.*

“UNCLE SAM'S ESTATE.” Such is the designation of one of the chapters in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *New America*, by which he describes that tremendous continent, where the Thames would be regarded as a creek, the Seine as a brook, and the Rhine as a local boundary stream. That continent of immense lakes, like vast inland seas, the Salt Lake, for instance, with its surface of two thousand square miles—Geneva has only three hundred and thirty—mountain masses by the side of which the Appenines, Alps, and Pyrenees are puny. In fact, a continent, forest, prairie, and alluvial soil, rich in wood, coal, oil, and iron, leaving out of the calculation all rivers and lakes; and still retaining about one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six million acres; “a landed estate,” says Mr. Dixon, “that could give to each head of five million families, a lot of three hundred and eighty-five acres;” and what a family—what a con-

*1. *New America*. By William Hepworth Dixon. With illustrations from original photographs. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

2. *The Making of the American Nation; or, the Rise and Decline of Oligarchy in the West*. By J. A. Partridge, author of “The False Nation,” &c., &c. Edward Stanford.

fluence of races—white men, black men, red men, and yellow men, the four races covering the continent! In the Western country, says our lively writer, on either side of you may sit a Polish Jew, an Italian Count, a Chocktau Chief, a Mexican rancher, a Mormon bishop, a Sandwich Island sailor, a Parsee merchant, a Boston bag-man; a negro may cook your meat, a Chinese draw your cork; the daughters of your host—bright girls, dainty, and well-dressed, may serve the dishes, and pour out the wine. Truly, a wonderful continent; and Mr. Dixon has, we must say, produced as lively and graphic a picture of its strange and many coloured society as we remember to have read. It is a proof of the amazing variety and interest of the tracts of country and populations of those great nations we call the United States, that every writer, with any measure of power and keenness of observation, produces a book which not only entertains, but in many of its pictures, even amazes. The two books we have mentioned, are, in some measure, a complement of each other. Mr. Dixon says little upon the great political agitations, or problems, which form the crisis through which the States are passing, Mr. Partridge, on the contrary, plunges, with a perfect white-heat enthusiasm, into the political destinies of this great hour of America. We fear his intense vehemence, and his somewhat unwise diffuseness, will almost defeat his own desires. Mr. Partridge, in our cold and indifferent time, comes to us a thorough believer, with a nature, on this matter, made up of burning convictions; he ought to have written more temperately and more tersely; but in this work, and another from his pen, on democracy, to which we hope to give more special attention, there are really the results of a mass of careful reading, and much thinking; and if any mind, thoroughly interested in the American problem, would wade through his pages thoughtfully, they would find even when differing from many of his bold and branding generalizations, instruction, and that arrangement of the focus of political lenses which must enlighten, as to the relations and probabilities of parties. Mr. Dixon's social pictures seem to illustrate and confirm Mr. Partridge's faith, that the great seat of Anglo-Saxon power is already transferred to the American continent. That American unity, while, as we have said above, it holds so many, even opposite races, receives them all to incorporate them into a dominant Anglo-Saxon mind. Defoe satirized the true-born Englishman, but what will a true-born Yankee, or American mean? Wandering through the States, we meet with almost infinite national varieties; yet, rising out of the partisanship and narrowness of the hour, it is clear that the mind of New America is pervaded by very much the same leading purpose—the one dominant Anglo-Saxon will and character, which has given to our country its energy, determination, and character. Reading Mr. Dixon's book, we are

struck as by an immense social confusion ; but we do not believe, excepting for the far greater platform upon which the confusions operate, which ought to diminish their ultimate mischievousness, that they exist in more ripe and grotesque proportions than with us in England in the seventeenth century. There is scarcely a ridiculous creed or sect, which has formed itself there into a great community, but something like its seed-principles are to be found in the multitude of conflicting opinions which agitated England during the period of our Civil Wars and Commonwealth. We spoke of a confused state of society just now. We think most of our readers will receive the same impression after reading Mr. Dixon's volumes ; pleasant places must such regions as the *Sierra Madre*, better known to us as the Rocky Mountains, and Bitter Creek, or *Denver*, be—we should suppose the last to be a corruption of *d'Enfers*—it is well worthy of any ideas attaching to *d'Enfers*, or corruption : infernal regions apparently. In our ignorance of the specialities of European detail, we suppose it would be really impossible to match in Europe now-a-days any such wild lawlessness as seems to be the law there, *Denver*, a city of four thousand people, we are surprised to learn that it has half-a-dozen chapels, fifty gambling houses, a hundred grog shops, &c., &c. Mr. Dixon summarily describes its excellencies, "As you wander about its hot "and dirty streets, you seem to be walking in a city of demons." Every tenth house is a brothel or a gaming house, or both. In those horrible dens a man's life is worth no more than a dog's. A slight rough change seems to have been wrought within the last two or three years ; till then, it was quite usual for the few decent people there to be awakened at night by the sound of exploding guns, and to find in the morning that some dead body had been tossed from a window into the street. Justice is blind and lame there ; violence alert and strong. A vigilance committee exists as terrible and secret, apparently, as rough and ready, and as cruel as the old *Vehm Gerichte* of the Middle Ages. A man disappears from the town, you enquire about him ; men shrug their shoulders ; you hear the word, "he is *gone up* !" a slang phrase, meaning *up a cotton tree* ; a famous tree in the Town Creek. In fact, the man has been hung, cut down, buried like a dog, and no legal evidence of his death to be found. The man who carries on this work of rough justice, is William Gilpin, who, a strange combination of ancestry, creeds, and character, is as great a man in this City of the Plains, as Brigham Young on the Salt Lake. Human life is of no account. Mr. Dixon, while there, writing in his room, heard a pistol shot, looked out of the window, and saw a man writhing on the ground : he was carried off, no enquiry was made after his assassins. Here is a picture or two of the state of society there, in the roughness of its crime, and the rudeness of its justice :—

Unless a ruffian is known to have killed half-a-dozen people, and to have got, as it were, murder on the brain, he is almost safe from trouble in these western plains. A notorious murderer lived near Central City; it was known that he had shot six or seven men; but no one thought of interfering with him on account of his crimes until he was taken red-handed in the very act. Some persons fancied he was heartily sorry for what he had done, and he himself, when tossing off cocktails with his rough companions, used to say he was sick of shedding blood.

One day, on riding into Central City, he met a friend whom he invited to take a drink. The friend, not wishing to be seen any more in such bad company, declined the offer, on which the ruffian drew his pistol in the public street, in the open day, and saying, with a comic swagger of reluctance, "Good God, can I never come into town without killing some one?" shot his friend through the heart. Seized by the indignant crowd, the callous ruffian had a stern trial, a short shrift, and a midnight escape up the famous cotton-tree in the city ditch.

But with respect to theft, most of all the theft of horses, public opinion is far more strict than it is with respect to murder. Horse-stealing is always punished by death. Five good horses were one day missed from a corral in Denver; and on Wilson being consulted as to the probable thieves, the Sheriff's suspicions fell on three mining rowdies, gamblers, and thieves, named Brownlee, Smith, and Carter, men who had recently come into the city from the mines and the mountain roads. As inquiry in the slums and grog-shops could not find these worthies, Wilson, feeling sure that they were the men he wanted, ordered his horse, and, after looking well at his revolver and bowie-knife, jumped into the saddle and turned towards the Platte Road. The time was early spring, when the snow was melting and the water high. Coming to the river, he stript and crossed the rapids, holding his clothes and pistols above his head, and partly swimming his horse across the stream. Riding on all day, all night, he came upon the thieves on a lonely prairie, one hundred and fifty miles from Denver, and five miles from the nearest ranch. Carter and Smith were each leading a horse, in addition to the one he rode; Brownlee rode alone, bringing up the rear. It was early day when he came up with them, and, as they did not know him by sight, he entered into conversation, chiefly with Brownlee, passing himself off with the robbers as a broken miner going home to the States; and riding with them from eight o'clock until twelve in the hope of meeting either the public stage, or some party of traders who could lend him help. But he looked in vain. At noon he saw that no assistance could be got that day, and feeling that he must do his perilous work alone, he suddenly changed his air and voice, and reining in his horse, said:—

"Gentlemen, we have gone far enough; we must turn back."

"Who the h—— are you?" shouted Brownlee, drawing his weapon.

"Bob Wilson," said the Sheriff, quietly; "come to fetch you back to Denver. You are accused of stealing three horses. Give up your arms, and you shall be fairly tried."

"You go to h——!" roared Brownlee, raising his pistol; but, before he could draw the trigger, a slug was in his brain, and he tumbled to the ground with the imprecation hot upon his lips. Smith and Carter hearing the loud words behind them followed by the exploding pistol, turned round suddenly in their saddles and got ready to fire; but in the confusion Smith let drop his piece; and, in an eye-blink, Carter fell to the ground, dead as the dust upon which he lay. Smith, who had jumped down from his horse to get his pistol, now threw up his hands.

"Come here," cried Wilson, to the surviving thief; "hold my horse; if you stir a limb, I fire; you see I am not likely to miss my mark."

"You shoot very clean, sir," answered the trembling ruffian.

"Now, mind me," said the Sheriff; "I shall take you and these horses back to Denver; if you have stolen them, so much the worse for you; if not, you are all square; any way you shall have a fair trial."

Wilson then picked up the three pistols, all of them loaded and capped. "I hesitated for a moment," he said to me, in this part of his tale, "whether to draw the charges; on second thought I resolved to keep them as they were, as no one could tell what might happen." Tying the three pistols in a handkerchief, and carefully reloading his own revolver, he then bade Smith get on one of the horses, to which he then made the fellow fast by ropes passed round his legs. Leaving the two dead men on the ground, and turning the horses loose to graze, Wilson led him captive along the road as far back as the ranch. A French settler, with an English wife, lived at this prairie ranch, and on Wilson stating who he was, and what his prisoner was more than suspected of being, the brave couple entered into his plans. After lashing Smith to a post, and telling the woman to shoot him dead if he struggled to get free (an order which her husband said she would certainly carry out, should the need for it arise), the two men rode back to the scene of execution, buried the two bodies, recovered the four horses, and brought away many articles from the dead men's pockets which might serve to identify them in evidence. Returning to the ranch, they found the woman on guard, and Smith in despair. In their absence, Smith had used all his arts of appeal upon the woman; he had appealed to her pity, to her vanity, to her avarice. At length she had been forced to tell him that she would hear no more, that if he spoke again she would fire into his mouth. Then he grew white and silent. Next day brought the Sheriff and his prisoner to Denver, when Smith had a short shrift and a violent escape up the historical tree.

So that if any of our readers sigh over the grand old times and exploits of the buccaneers, it seems by a trip among the wild crags of the *Sierra Madre*, and the far-west prairies, they may find them all enchantingly reproduced. Massacres and murders seem to be of little account there. It is a wild Sahara, desolate and wretched in its physical aspects; the route to Bitter Creek marked by skeletons and tragedies, and Nature in all her moods apparently quite in

harmony with the human life of the scenes; for buccaneer and highwayman substitute the more polite epithet, *Road Agent*—it means pretty much the same thing. These ruined traders, broken gamblers, and unsuccessful diggers plunder the trains, rob the emigrants; roaming in bands, three, five, ten, or twenty, occasionally attacking the mail. Our writer recites several interesting and exciting traditions of the spots through which he passed; exciting they must have been, one thinks, to an Englishman fresh from our stereotyped conventionalisms. All this was on the road to the great city of the Mormons; through such barbaric states of life the emigrants have to travel who are destined to that paradise of the far-far-west—the Salt Lake City. Emerging from those wild and internal tracts, Mr. Dixon gives us his first glimpse of Mormon life. Still, long before he reached the great settlements, his picture of the part played towards him by the Mormon bishop, posted on the outskirts of that great wilderness, has certainly left no ungrateful nor disagreeable impressions on his mind:—

An hour later we drop into Bear River station, kept by Acting-bishop Myers, an English member of the Mormon Church; a dignitary who has hitherto limited his rights over the weaker sex to the wedding of two wives. One wife lives with him at Bear River; one hired help, a young English woman on a visit (and I fear in some little peril of the heart), with two or three men, his servants, make up this bishop's flock and household. The wife is a lady; simple, elegant, bewitching; who, while we rinse the dust from our throats and dash cold water about our heads and faces, hastily and daintily sets herself to cook our food. Tired and hungry as we are, this Myers appears to us the very model of a working bishop for a working world. At Oxford he would count for little, in the House of Lords for nothing. His words are not choice, his intonation is not good and musical; he hardly (I will not answer for it) knows a Greek particle by sight; but he seems to know very well how a good man should receive the hungry and weary who are cast down at his door on a frosty night. After poking up the stove, heaping wood upon the fire, chopping up a side of mutton (it is the first fresh meat we have seen for days), he runs out of doors to haul water from the well, and puts straw into our coach that our feet may be kept warm in the coming frost. From him we get genuine tea, good bread, even butter—not sage-tea—hot dough, and a pinch of salt. The chops are delicious; and the bishop's elegant wife and her ladylike friend, by the grace and courtesy with which they serve the table, turn a common mountain meal into a banquet.

Perhaps Mr. Dixon adds nothing very new to our knowledge or impressions of the city of Mormon—the New Jerusalem. But what he tells us is very vigorously and impartially told, and in such a strange freak and romance of religious adventure, a story always

derives intense interest, when the teller is able to say "I have seen." A fourth of the entire work is devoted to the description of this settlement in which twenty thousand people have gathered together, impelled by the wildest fanaticism of our age; settling down into a life which, whatever may be our opinions of its morality, has worked itself into something looking very practical, and we are certain, to a great number of weary wretches in our old civilization, very comfortable. We suppose the gospel which has brought all these crowds together, thronging emigrants through the wilderness, the gospel which has brought the weaver from Manchester, the peasant from Ilandudno, the cobbler from Whitechapel, the Monmouth farmer, the Woolwich artizan, the smart English blacksmith, is the gospel of comfort; it is the hope held out of plenty, and that rest of mind, rest of body, which honest healthy labour affords. There must have mingled with this some other feelings—the inclusiveness of the Mormonite creed, its religious indefiniteness, with its wild, fanatical ardour; we cannot believe that the hope of many wives can ever have been really a motive. This seems rather to become an ambition to those who have really reached and settled down in the community of the Salt Lake, than with the young European converts. Certain religious terms and epithets seem to occur in the lives of these people; but it is a great working community rather than a corporation of faith. Mr. Dixon heard Brigham Young preach in the temple to a band of newly-arrived emigrants. Here is the sermon—none the worse, perhaps, for being very short, and striking and original enough certainly:—

"Brothers and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ," he said, in substance, "you have been chosen from the world by God, and sent through His grace into this valley of the mountains, to help in building up His kingdom. You are faint and weary from your march. Rest, then, for a day, for a second day, should you need it; then rise up, and see how you will live. Don't bother yourselves much about your religious duties; you have been chosen for this work, and God will take care of you in it. Be of good cheer. Look about this valley into which you have been called. Your first duty is to learn how to grow a cabbage, and along with this cabbage an onion, a tomato, a sweet potato; then how to feed a pig, to build a house, to plant a garden, to rear cattle, and to bake bread; in one word, your first duty is to live. The next duty—for those who, being Danes, French, and Swiss, cannot speak it now—is to learn English; the language of God, the language of the Book of Mormon, the language of these Latter Days. These things you must do first; the rest will be added to you in proper seasons. God bless you; and the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

Brigham Young is an extraordinary man—but how, and why? Principally, we should answer, by that which he has effected. He,

although only the successor to Smith, seems the true Mahomet of this new faith. He descried that province in Utah, and led the multitudes in an exodus, which can only excite exceeding wonder and admiration, through that waste howling wilderness to the province of the Salt Lake. Neither in him, nor in any of the prophets, do we meet with any of those evidences of genius of any kind, which have often marked the great leaders of fanatics, and which, in men of another stamp, have made them the creators of revolutions, and the originators of great and powerful sects. No Luthers, Calvins, nor Wesleys, have ever appeared among them; no scholarship, eloquence, logic, or poetry. Some years since, we purchased and laboured through all the literature we could obtain of the Church of Mormon. A more dreary wilderness of unutterable rubbish never met our eyes; yet it is a fact, no movement of our day—and it is only thirty-six years since there existed the six first fanatics who set themselves to this work—no movement of our day could tell such a story of heroism, adventure, success in the face of the last extremities of persecution, of the most unpromising circumstances of opposition; it is because faith is united to a purpose, fanaticism to a distinct object, something that looks like religion is in it, much that speaks to very palpable sensation, everything that promises comfort. Yesterday, we were in Bedfordshire. In a village town we happen to know a poor but worthy sort of man, a small trader who had broken down in life. England held out no hopes to him. He had met his creditors. They believed in his substantial honesty and worth. He was free of them all, and free of the world, but as hopeless and helpless as a sick infant; but he had a friend or two in the wonderful Salt Lake city. They had written to him, and notes came over with the good name of "Brigham Young" upon them. The only condition was that they could not be cashed until his passage was taken; and he and his family are on their way to swell the numbers of the New Jerusalem. In this way, and from such a class, the great city is constantly recruiting its population. The secular element is undoubtedly its great source of progression and strength. When we look at other matters it is scarcely possible to refrain from a feeling of horror at the moral tone which must be fostered in society there. Looked at as an industrial association, it is sublime, and excites feelings of wonder. They chose no fair, flowery, and alluvial region, but have made a most barren and unpromising spot to laugh with plenty, and to flow as with milk and honey. Scarcely a bee roams over the land, yet they have chosen that insect as their crest, and useful industry is the order of the day. Their bishops and ministers, who are all unpaid, direct the industrial pursuits of the people as much as their faith. Mr. Dixon says:—

The unpaid functions of a bishop are extremely numerous; for a

Mormon prelate has to look, not merely to the spiritual welfare of his flock, but to their worldly interest and well-being; to see that their farms are cultivated, their houses clean, their children taught, their cattle lodged. Last Sunday, after service at the Tabernacle, Brigham Young sent for us to the raised dais, on which he and the dignitaries had been seated, to see a private meeting of the bishops, and to hear what kind of work these reverend fathers had met to do. We rather wondered what our friends at Bishopsthorpe and Wells would think of such a scene. The old men gathered in a ring; and Edward Hunter, their presiding bishop, questioned each and all, as to the work going on in his ward, the building, painting, draining, gardening; also as to what this man needed, and that man needed in the way of help. An emigrant train had just come in, and the bishops had to put six hundred persons in the way of growing their cabbages and building their homes. One bishop said he could take five bricklayers, another two carpenters, a third a tinman, a fourth seven or eight farm-servants, and so on through the whole bench. In a few minutes I saw that two hundred of these poor emigrants had been placed in the way of earning their daily bread. "This," said Young, with a sly little smile, "is one of the labours of our bishops." I confess, I could not see much harm in it.

Vice, as we choose to understand it, is almost unknown in Utah; nothing approaching to the secret haunts of Paris, or the public profligate indecencies of London. Mr. Dixon gives pictures of the Mormon ladies which do not represent them as inferior in brightness, beauty, or delicacy, to the general women we know; but, alas! he shows us that woman's character is degrading there—she is shy and reserved—"here no woman reigns"—no woman hints that she is mistress of her own house. "I am convinced that the practice of marrying a plurality of wives is not popular with the female saints;" while far worse things seem to be hinted.

We have had a very strange conversation with Young about the Mormon doctrine of incest. I asked him whether it was a common thing among the Saints to marry mother and daughter; and, if so, on what authority they acted, since that kind of union was not sanctioned either by the command to Moses or by the "revelation" to Smith. When he hung back from admitting that such a thing occurred at all. I named a case in one of the city wards, of which we had obtained some private knowledge. Apostle Cannon said that in such cases the first marriage would be only a form; that the elder female would be understood as being a mother to her husband and his younger bride; on which I named my example; one in which an elder of the church had married an English woman, a widow, with a daughter then of twelve; in which the woman had borne four children to this husband; and in which this husband had married her daughter when she came of age.

Young said it it was not a common thing at Salt Lake.

But it does occur?"

"Yes," said Young, "it occurs sometimes."

"On what ground is such a practice justified by the church?"

After a short pause, he said, with a faint and wheedling smile: "This is a part of the question of incest. We have no sure light on it yet. I cannot tell you what the church holds to be the actual truth; I can tell you my own opinion; but you must not publish it—you must not tell it—lest I should be misunderstood and blamed." He then made to us a communication on the nature of incest, as he thinks of this offence and judges it; but what he then said I am not at liberty to print.

As to the facts which came under my own eyes, I am free to speak. Incest, in the sense in which we use the word—marriage within the prohibited degrees—is not regarded as a crime in the Mormon church. It is known that in some of these saintly harems, the female occupants stand to their lords in closer relationship of blood than the American law permits. It is a daily event in Salt Lake city for a man to wed two sisters, a brother's widow, and even a mother and daughter. A saint named Wall has married his half-sister, pleading the example of Sarai and Abraham, which Young, after some consideration, allowed to be a precedent for his flock.

We must refer our readers to the pages of Mr. Dixon for very interesting and startling suggestions as to the future solution of this great social problem. We quite think with him it is one of the strangest riddles of the age—it cannot be set aside as unmixed foolishness, or unalloyed vice. The time seems to be approaching when again it will come into collision with the law of the States, and demand a settlement.

A very large portion of Mr. Dixon's book is occupied with accounts of sects, in which a strange view of the relations of the sexes is a very considerable part of the creed. The brethren of Mount Lebanon, the great Shaker Village, is one of the most singular of these, widely different from Mormonites. The Shaker is a monk; the Shakeress is a nun; the church of these people is seen, when approached and regarded closely, not to be without some singular and beautiful attractions—the attractions of a large monastery. That which holds this community together, would seem to be the very purest religious faith and love; the inhabitants are all simple seedsmen and florists; England gave birth to them. In seething Manchester (Toad Lane), a poor girl, named Ann Lee, created there her church—a feminine church—and Ann, now venerated in America as Mistress Ann, was in Manchester, Bolton, regarded as the Bride of the Lamb. It is a romantic story, how she and her husband emigrated to America, and laid there, upon broad foundations, their New Jerusalem of queer ideas and

dreams; here is a picture of the place—certainly somewhat more like the New Jerusalem than to us the City of Mormon seems:—

The plan, the life, the thought of Mount Lebanon are written in its grassy streets. This large stone building on your right—an edifice of stone in a region of sheds and booths—is the granary; a very fine barn, the largest (I am told) in America; a cowshed, a hay-loft, a store-house, of singular size and happy contrivance; and its presence here, on a high place, in the gateway, so to speak, of the community, is a typical fact.

The Granary is to a Shaker what the Temple was to a Jew.

Beyond the barn, in the green lane, stands North House, the dwelling of Elder Frederick and Elderess Antoinette (in the world they would be called Frederick W. Evans, and Mary Antoinette Doolittle), co-heads of this large family in the Shaker Society. Below their house, among the shrubs and gardens, lies the Visitors' house, in which it has been my fortune to spend, with Frederick and Antoinette, a few summer days. Around these buildings rise the sheds and stores of the family. Next come a host of gardens, in which the Baltimore vine runs joyously up poles and along espaliers; then the church, lying a little way back from the road, a regular white frame of wood, plain as a plank, with a boiler roof, a spacious, airy edifice, in which the public service of the society is sung and danced on Sunday, to the wondering delight, often the indecent laughter of a crowd of idlers from the Springs. Near by stands Church House, of which Elder Daniel and Elderess Polly (in the world, Daniel Crossman and Polly Reed) are the co-heads; with the school, the store, at which pretty trumperies are sold to the Gentile belles. Beyond these buildings, higher up the hill, stand South House, East House, and some other houses. In all these dwellings live families of Shakers. Elder Frederick is the public preacher; but every family has its own male, its own female head. One family lives at Canaan, seven miles distant, to which I have made a separate visit; while just beyond the crest of yon hill, in the State of Massachusetts, you find another society—the settlement of Hancock.

No Dutch town has a neater aspect, no Moravian hamlet a softer hush. The streets are quiet; for here you have no grog-shop, no beer-house, no lock-up, no pound; of the dozen edifices rising about you—work-rooms, barns, tabernacle, stables, kitchens, schools, and dormitories—not one is either foul or noisy; and every building, whatever may be its use, has something of the air of a chapel. The paint is all fresh; the planks are all bright; the windows are all clean. A white sheen is on everything; a happy quiet reigns around. Even in what is seen of the eye and heard of the ear, Mount Lebanon strikes you as a place where it is always Sunday. The walls appear as though they had been built only yesterday; a perfume, as from many unguents, floats down the lane; and the curtains and window-blinds are of spotless white. Everything in the hamlet looks and smells like household things which have been long laid up in lavender and rose-leaves.

The people are like their village; soft in speech, demure in bearing.

gentle in face; a people seeming to be at peace, not only with themselves, but with nature and with heaven. Though the men are oddly attired—in a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar, and no tie, an under vest buttoned to the throat and falling below the thighs, loose trousers rather short, and broad-brimmed hat, nearly always made of straw—they are grave in aspect, easy in manner, with no more sense of looking comic in the eyes of strangers than either an English judge on the bench or an Arab sheikh at his prayer. The women are habited in a small muslin cap, a white kerchief wrapped round the chest and shoulders, a sack or skirt dropping in a straight line from the waist to the ankle, white socks and shoes; but apart from a costume neither rich in colour nor comely in make, the sisters have an air of sweetness and repose which falls upon the spirit like music shaken out from our village bells. After spending a few days among them, seeing them at their meals and at their prayers, in their private amusements and in their household work, after making the personal acquaintance of a score of men, of a dozen women, I find myself thinking that if any chance were to throw me down, and I were sick in spirit, broken in health, there would be few female faces, next after those of my own wife and kin, that would be pleasanter to see about my bed. Life appears to move on Mount Lebanon in an easy kind of rhythm. Order, temperance, frugality, worship—these are the Shaker things which strike upon your senses first; the peace and innocence of Eden, when contrasted with the wrack and riot of New York. Every one seems busy, every one tranquil. No jerk, no strain, no menace, is observed, for nothing is done, nothing can be done in a Shaker settlement by force. Every one here is free. Those who have come into union came unsought; those who would go out may retire unchecked. No soldiers, no police, no judges, live hear; and among the members of a society in which every man stakes his all, appeal to the courts of law is a thing unknown. Unlike the Syrian Lebanon, she has no Druse, no Maronite, no Ansayri, no Turk, within her frontier; peace reigns in her councils, in her tabernacles, in her fields. Look at these cheery urchins, in their broad straw hats and with their dropping sash, as they leap and gambol on the turf, laughing, pulling at each other, filling this green hill-road with the melodies only to be heard when happy children are at play. Their hearts are evidently light. Look at these little blue-eyed girls (those two with the curly heads are children of a bad mother, who eloped last year with a neighbour, when their father was away in the field with Grant), very shy, and sweet, and clean, and comely are they in their new attire; if ever you saw little girls like angels, surely these are such.

Yet, is it not strange to us that young men and young women should be found living in this beautiful place, in the midst of peace and plenty, without thoughts of love? And is it not sad to reflect that those merry boys and girls, whose voices come in peals of laughter down the lane, will never, if they stay in this community, have little ones of their own to play on the village sward?

Another strange sect in America is that composed of those called

the Harmless People, or the Tunkers. They also regard marriage with some feelings of shame, as the mark of an inferior nature; it is not a crime, but something very much like it. There are sects even stranger still; some, like those followers of Elizabeth Denton, whose first principle is, that "of the two sexes woman is the more perfect, being later in growth, finer in structure, grander in form, "and lighter in type;" here we find the tables turned on man, and the revolt of woman is opened. Had we not quoted from Mr. Dixon so much already, we might feel disposed still to quote from some of these curious pages; but scarcely have we left these before another strange race of Perfectionists, or Bible Communists, rise before us at Oneida Creek, followers of John Noel Humphries, the preacher of holiness and pure love—a sect, we suppose, not unlike, although, perhaps, more worthy of respect, than the mad people of our own Agapemone. These have abolished marriage as a rite and fact, although they have that marriage in the spirit, which creates what we have long known here as the Family of Free Love. Thus, as we have said, a large portion of Mr. Dixon's book is occupied by accounts of the strange fashions in which the sexes are relating themselves to each other in those solitary continents, to which men and women, bitten by some fantastic idea in cities, can hie away and test and experimentalize upon their notions in solitude. What will be the end of it all? Everything now from America is deeply interesting to us. While all these domestic states show the vigorous, healthy, or unhealthy agitation of the nervous mind of the country; the political, in its more prominent and obvious relations, suggests a fearful cause for wonder, agitation, and hope. The struggle between North and South still, in fact, goes on. Nor will the North sheath its sword, until it sees clearly that it will not again be dominated by that power, from which it has succeeded in wringing the prestige, and for the present, the sceptre. What especially impresses us in the volumes of Mr. Dixon, is the presence they exhibit over the whole of the continent, and in multi-form ways, of the intense active mind. We conjoined with Mr. Dixon's work the bulky volume of Mr. Partridge, because it is so natural to turn from that set of domestic pictures to the large political system which encloses them, and even permits and makes them possible. It is a continent, we suppose, upon which men and women, cultured and educated in some measure, are more free to do what they will, and follow the bents and desires of their own natures, than ever the world had experience of before. The field is so large, the age so intensely active, and the printing press has so cheapened culture; but are they not also all exhibitions of that immense force and power which, when ideas and interests shall have resolved themselves into some general all-absorbing force, will extend the principle

of unity and consolidation over the whole of that immense country? Mr. Dixon leads us out into singular suggestions on one side; Mr. Partridge on the other. The country itself presents the great basis of material unity. Mr. Partridge discourses eloquently of this, when he says:—

The Mississippi represents, nay it *is*, the spinal cord, and arterial system, of the Body of the American Nation. Where is there a river like the Father of waters, connecting with the ocean 27,000 miles of navigation? Yet its mere mileage and volume are as nothing compared with the peculiarity of its position as regards the territory, the strategy, the commerce, and the nationality, of America. It may, without undue emphasis, be affirmed, that next to the characteristics of the race itself, the Mississippi is the mightiest element in this question. It may almost be said to control the future of America, whether in peace or war. It constitutes its physical unity, and makes disunion a synonym for eternal war and hampered commerce, whilst in every year of real union it will make war more disastrous and impossible.

It forms a colossal moving road, wide and interminable, traversing the entire length of a vast continent, connecting its extremities, and the cities built upon its banks; and hour by hour, as commerce lives and millions grow along its banks, its freedom becomes a more and more essential condition and appanage of the American Nation. Towards its outlet, it is for hundreds of miles thinly peopled. It is permanently conditioned at its mouth, for a comparatively enervated race, by a tropical sun and a prodigal soil. Now, the river is with the hardy North, and gives it easy transit as against the forced marches of the enemy; and always as population and freedom of movement increase in the South, unrestricted water-way will become more and more essential, and its advocates more numerous.

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The Mississippi is the gate of the North-west and Centre,—they will keep the keys. It is the door of their house,—they will protect its threshold. It is their thoroughfare,—they will have no toll-keepers and no obstructions. It is their moving road,—they will have no shooting from behind the hedge, no batteries to rake from shore to shore, for 600 miles. The Mississippi takes them to their best customers in peace, and it floats through the empire a navy equal to 100,000 fighting men. It bisects the Slave empire in the South and West, just as her tributaries invade its central territory, and as mountain ranges bisect, and offer opportunities against it, from the Potomac to South Tennessee.

What America, we believe, will have to learn is, what we also need to learn, that morality, in the long run, turns out to be economics; and whether it be in reference to the slave trade, or to any other crime indigenous to a State, it will be true that high moral action

and principle will alone secure the well-being of a people. The history of the last few years ought abundantly to prove this, both to America and to England. Her destiny seems marvellous. A home in America has been found for the fugitives of all nations; it is the Puritan blood, as Mr. Partridge well calls it, the *sangue azul* of the world; the bluest of all bloods; the conqueror of conquerors which has wrought out there the work of giants, and in a few years, the achievements of long ages. We trace very much of that among many of the wild creeds; the intense religionisms, as well as among the bold, daring, and defiant attitudes assumed. We shall attempt, in another paper, to review some of those ideas and problems which seem there now to be illustrating and bringing to light some of the hieroglyphics of history; "translating," it may be, as Mr. Partridge says, "the hieroglyphics of God."

VI.

THRILLING VIEWS OF THE SURPLICE QUESTION.*

SOME months since, when the Ritualistic agitation approached its height, the *Eclectic* was the first of our Nonconformist periodicals which called a close and searching attention to the startling developments of the system. That paper may be still referred to as one of the most comprehensive and suggestive published upon the subject; although, since then, a number of papers, pamphlets, and books have appeared, of various degrees of merit—analytical, expository, or denunciatory—the three most worthy of attention we have placed at the head of this paper. We feel, however, that so much more remains to be said; the interests of pure, spiritual religion are so deeply involved—some of the absurdities of Ritualists have been so slightly touched by writers, or their errors, as we regard them—at any rate, dangerous innovations—seem so entirely to have eluded the notice of most writers, that we are disposed, in noticing the three volumes before us, to do so in connection with that large mass

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- *1. *Micah, the Priest-maker; a Handbook on Ritualism.* By T. Binney. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.
1. *Ritualism in the English Church, in its Relation to Scripture, Piety, and Law.* By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.
3. *Priests and Sacraments; being the Substance of a Series of Sermons on the Errors of Ritualism,* preached in Clapham Congregational Church. By J. G. Rogers, B.A. James Clark and Co.
4. *The Directorium Anglicanum; being a Manual of Directions for the right celebration of the Holy Communion, &c., &c., according to the ancient Use of the Church of England.* Third edition. Edited by the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L., &c., &c. Thomas Bosworth.
5. *Rites and Ritual; a Plea for Apostolic Doctrine and Worship.* By Philip Freeman, M.A., Archdeacon and Canon of Exeter, &c., &c. Fourth edition, revised. John Murray.
6. *The Principles of Divine Service. An Enquiry concerning the True Manner of Understanding and Using the Order for Morning and Evening Prayer, &c., &c., in the English Church.* By the Rev. Philip Freeman, M.A., Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Exeter. Three vols. Second Edition. J. H. and J. Parker.
7. *Lectures in Defence of Church Principles. Delivered by several Clergymen at Ipswich and Norwich, 1863 and 1864.* Mowbray.

of literature on the subject, which really is as queer, and quaint, and sometimes, it must be admitted, as grotesquely beautiful, as an old brass upon a minster tomb, or the crosiered effigy of a mediæval abbot in the aisles of an abbey. Therefore, as Robert Browning would say, "we are about to impart on mature digestion, some "thrilling views of the surplice question." Such, too, might not inappropriately be the title of Mr. Binney's book. He has taken his text from that circumstance in Jewish history which furnished us with our parable of the whole business in our previous paper; and *Micah, the Priest-maker*, is certainly "thrilling" enough. The mere idea that an order of men is clothed, and invested, and in possession of certain spiritual functions and powers, enabling them to deal with the things of heaven, and the things of hell, at their pleasure; cursing and blessing; making, at will, a child of light or a child of darkness, is amazing enough. This is, without doubt, the gist of the whole business though, and Dr. Pusey's recent letters in the *Times* mean this, or they mean nothing at all. This is Ritualism—priest-making, as Dr. Vaughan, in his able, admirable, and comprehensive little volume, referring to the claim made by these gentlemen to a relation and warrant between their service from the Apocalyptic hieroglyphs, says:—

Every man of intelligence must feel, that an attempt to bring the symbolism of the Apocalypse into the service of the Christian Church must be a hazardous experiment. For if this course is to be taken at all, where is it to stop?

If because an angel is said to cause the smoke of incense to ascend before the Almighty in heaven, Christian priests should cause it to ascend to Him from the Church on earth; why should not the priest imitate the next thing said to be done by this Angel, viz., fill the censor with fire, and cast it forth to summon up "voices, and thundrings, and lightnings, and earthquakes." Many other strange things the angels are said to do in the services of that world, are they all precedents to be followed by Christ's ministers in this world? If not, who is to separate between the symbolism to be taken, and the symbolism to be left?

We have long expressed our conviction—a very unpopular one we know—that England is demented in the matter. The religion of our country, for the most part, may be summed up as "much cry and little wool." We are not sure, therefore, that much can result from what any one may do to allay this fever of symbolism; for if we grieve over this, as good Matthew Henry says, "weeping must not hinder working;" we must be true to our convictions, and give a hearty good word to those ministers, who, like the men in the three volumes before us, seek, in a wise, intelligent, firm, and

not the less gentlemanly manner—for really this is an important part in the strife, and one in which the Ritualists are far our inferiors—seek to expound and expose the errors and fallacies of these principles.* We shall need vigorously and constantly to call attention to them, if spiritual religion is not to expire in our streets. We, it is not too much to say, we, as a nation, seem to be returning to that idolatry from which we emerged three hundred years since. Protestantism, by these gentlemen, is regarded and spoken of as a curse. The Protestant martyrs, whose lives were consumed at stakes, are spit upon by name, and treated with scorn, indignity and contempt. The idea of a spiritual religion is becoming contemptible and intolerable to us. All Rome is coming back to us again. Mr. Binney says:—

“ But if we are surprised when a clergyman offends in the way described, what shall we say of a bishop,—a man who is not only bound to do the right thing himself, but has to see that others do it, and to punish them if they offend? Now, a few weeks since, the Bishop of Chichester went through what, at first sight, would seem to have been an utterly unauthorized service in the chapel of St. Michael, Bognor. It was on the occasion of his *induction* of Miss Frances Wheeler into the office of *Lady Warden*. “The *special service*,” the account states, “was introduced *after the first lesson at matins*, and was as follows.” Then there is the account of prayers, collects, responses, constituting a special “form of service,” for which we search the Prayer Book in vain. The explanation, or defence, of this, I suppose, would be, that St. Michael’s, Bognor, is not a church, but an institution occupied by a sisterhood. (I don’t know that that is the case, but it has occurred to me in trying to find a justification for episcopal conduct which appeared so extraordinary.) Still, if it were an institution, and not a church, the service came to something very like “public worship;” and if such services can be openly held, and forms of prayer employed altogether new and unheard of—in spite of subscription to the second article of the 36th canon—and this, too by a bishop, I can only say it appears something like sailing very near the wind. That the occasion was public enough, we incidentally learn from the statement, that “in the out-door processions, to and from the chapel, a new banner, with a painted figure of St. Michael, was carried for the first time.” And,

* Gentlemen, this, perhaps, in itself, seems rather an ungentlemanly accusation. Whoever thinks so, let him do as we have done, mark, from time to time, the choice rhetoric of the *Church Times*. We are reminded of a nervous passage in Lord Bolingbroke concerning some in his day: “The flowers they gather at Billingsgate to adorn and entwine their productions shall be passed over by me without any explication. They assume the privilege of watermen and oyster-women; let them enjoy it in that good company, and exclusively of all other persons.” But we shall refer to this again.

that certain forms were gone through somewhat new in the Church of England, appears in the presentation to the bishop of the Lady Warden,—the questions and replies that pass,—the lady's reading her declaration of religious faith,—with the prayers and responses that follow. It may be worth stating, as illustrative of the subject of vestments and ornaments of worship, that "The Lady Warden was habited in a rich cope; and her staff, terminating in a white cross *formé*, was borne before her by one of the pupils. The bishop's pastoral staff was borne by the Rev. A. C. Wilson, of Lancing College, who acted as his Lordship's chaplain on this occasion. The black satin *chimere* and lawn sleeves presented an unusually grotesque and unseemly appearance, when seen side by side with the splendid cope worn by the Lady Warden; but the bishop entered heartily into the proceedings of the day, and though somewhat infirm by reason of age, looked remarkably well." A sermon was preached on the occasion, the text of which might very appropriately have been taken from the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, 14th verse:—"And so we went towards Rome."

Alas! the prayers which the faithful Papists of all lands have long been putting up for the conversion of England, seem to be answered. The worship of the Virgin is taught and professed in English Churches. Monasteries and nunneries are rising in connection with the English Church in every part of the land. Probably, by far the greatest number of English Clergymen of the English Protestant Church—*Protestant*, or why are they there? *Protestant*, or why does that Church exist? *Protestant*, or nothing—seem to aid all they can such a restoration. They write books and "Eirenicons," entreating union with Rome, and treating the term of Protestant with contempt. Even while they avail themselves of the freedom of thought it conferred or confers, they adopt all the ways and usages of Pagan or Papal Rome, and boasts, as the *Directorium Anglicanum* boasts, that they are making the Church of England of the Nineteenth Century, the same as the Church of the Ninth. Ritualism is said (*Directorium*, p. 15) to be a science as well as theology; so that it is a system of religious gymnastics, exactly the thing the apostle denounced. The very word he used when he said, "Bodily gymnastics profit little," when he opposed faith to fancy, the doctrine of holiness to profane dreams, and the exercise of experience to the exercise of bodily genuflections, or even disciplines. Ritualism is just such a scheme of genuflections; it is amusing in the *Directorium* to read, over and over again, directions, "Here the priest should genuflect." The Bible, and especially the New Testament, is no longer the fountain and foundation of the Christian knowledge. All these men treat such an idea with ridicule, nor is there a Rationalist in the country who does so much to underrate the authority of Scripture. Their voice is not "Search the Scriptures," but "Hear the Church." What the Bishop of Oxford said in a Charge we analysed some years

since, the whole party would, and does continually say, the Church existed before the Bible; the Bible can only be known through the Church. You! *You* are unable to know the Bible, it has no self-evidencing light—hear *us*. Hence it has been said by Churchmen, who did not perceive the dangerous drift of their argument, that the Prayer Book, not the Bible, is the voice of the Church, is the directory and law of the Church. We regard with more affection than most Nonconformists, perhaps, the Prayer Book. We give to the greater portion of it our deepest human, to much of it even more than our human, love; we sometimes regret that we cannot more frequently avail ourselves of its services; its liturgies are amazingly lovely to us; many of its collects are most tender and touching; a large portion of its Communion Service—not its administration—is beautiful; its burial service is matchless; among human compositions and compilations, it is perfect. Still, the whole Prayer Book is but a human compilation; it is not of the same authority as the Bible. But what have we now? These men, who have got rid of the Bible by one pretext, and superseded the Bible by the Prayer Book, now seek to supersede the Prayer Book by the Priest. We have been surprised that this has not been noticed at any length as authoritative in Ritualism, by any of the writers upon the subject. Archdeacon Freeman, in his *Rites and Ritual*, says:—

How, then, are the Services of the English Church to be performed, so as to be in accordance with her mind and principles? It will be answered, that the services ought to be conducted according to “the Book of Common Prayer and *Administration of the Sacraments*, according to the use of the Church of England.” But this, though at first sight the true and sufficient answer, is not, in reality, either true or sufficient. The duty in question, that of conducting the services of the Church, is laid upon particular persons: and it is by recurring to the exact terms of the obligation laid on those persons, when they are solemnly commissioned to their office, that we must seek for an answer. Now the engagement exacted by the Bishop from candidates for the priesthood, at their Ordination, is, in exact terms, this: “Will you give your faithful diligence always so to minister the Doctrine and Sacraments, and the Discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded, *and as this Church and Realm hath received the same?*” The italicised words contain the gist of the whole matter. By the interpretation we put upon them must our standard of Ritual be determined.

What then “hath this Church and Realm received,” at the present moment, in the matter of Ritual? Not the Prayer Book standing absolutely, and alone, without any comment or addition whatsoever: but that Book, as interpreted and modified, in certain respects, by subsequent enactments, which have in various ways obtained, practically, the Church’s recognition.

Here, then, is the opening for all that width of interpretation which may turn the English Church into a great theatre of idolatry. When the Word of God is made of none effect by tradition; when the commandments and traditions of men are received as the law of God, where is the sensual or sensuous mind likely to stop? Hence this volume, *The Directorium*, is to be the commentary upon the Prayer Book, and the Eucharistic idea, or the Real Presence of our Lord in the bread and wine, and in the whole priestly sacrifice, so called, underlying the whole. A set of shocking rules follow, which really fill one's mind with dismay, and make English Ritualists as pitiable a spectacle as any sect of fanatics, which in any age took captive and led away the imaginations of silly men and women. Take (1.), the immense and cumbrous follies of the system, comprising a perfectly new ecclesiastical lexicon, for the perfect performance of Divine Service. The mere glossary of terms essential to that perfect performance occupies in the *Directorium* eleven pages! Here are some:—

ABLUTION. The wine poured into the chalice, and also the wine and water poured into the same and over the Priest's fingers, after the consumption of the Blessed Sacrament. The water should exceed the wine in quantity. It is drunk by the celebrant, and called the Ablution. There are always two Ablutions.

ACOLYTES. Servers or assistants at Solemn Service to the Sacred Ministers; their special office being to bear the cruets containing the wine and water for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. In the Latin Church they are the fourth or highest of the minor Orders.

ACOLYTES' CANDLESTICKS should have a round, or, more correctly, a triangular base; they should be smaller than those on the altar.

ALB. The lawn or linen vestment worn by the Priest and sacred Ministers at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

ALTAR CURTAINS. Drapery about the reredos, or dossal, varying with proper colour of the season.

APPAREL. A square or oblong ornament richly embroidered, stitched on the collar of the amice, and at the bottom of the alb before and behind, and on the wrists, and also on the Deacon's dalmatic.

ASPERGILLUM. The sprinkler for Holy Water, originally made of the herb hyssop. Cf. Numbers xviii., 16, and Exod. xii., 22.

ASPERSORIUM. A Holy Water brush.

BIRRETTA. The square cap worn by clerics over the zucchetto.

CEREMONIARIUS. The officer whose duty it is to attend to the ecclesiastical order and arrangement in all functions. A director of the ceremonies is as frequently a cleric as a lay person.

CAPPA MAGNA. A cope with richer orphreys than the ferial one. It is authorized by the old English Canons and Provincial Constitutions.

CHASUBLE or CHESIBLE. The sacrificial vestment worn by the Priest at the Holy Eucharist. Hence called emphatically "*the Vestment*."

CIBORIUM. The vessel in which the LORD'S BODY is placed instead of

on a paten when many are to be communicated. Where a Pyx has been preserved, it is proper to use it for this purpose.

COPE. The vestment used at Solemn Vespers, processions, litany, &c., &c.

DOSSEL. A piece of embroidered needle-work, stuff, silk, or cloth of gold, hung at the back of a throne or altar, but more particularly the latter.

GOSPELLER. The cleric who reads the Gospel and performs the function of the Deacon of the celebration; the name is given to the Deacon, because in the Ordering of Deacons, authority is given to them "*to read the Gospel in the Church of God.*"

GRADUAL. In the Roman Missal the psalm or part of a psalm that is sung after the Epistle.

GREMIAL. A silken apron placed on the lap of a Bishop, when sitting, during certain parts of the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

HOLY WATER VESSEL, THE. This should be an earthen vessel with a cover, from which the vessels and stoups of the church are supplied. It should be emptied and wiped out immediately after use.

LAVABO. The *secretæ oratio* of the Priest when water is poured on his fingers before the Prayer of Oblation.

LAVATORY. A water-drain in the sacristy, where the Priest washes his hands before vesting.

LECTERN. A moveable desk from which the Lessons are read. The Epistle and Gospel are also sometimes read from a lectern. In reading from a lectern the hands should touch the sides thereof.

MANIPLE. The vestment worn on the left arm of the Priest, Deacon, and Sub-deacon at the Holy Eucharist. This word is also used for any kind of napkin, as that used to wipe the Priest's fingers at Holy Baptism.

MISSA SICCA. The Dry Service—neither Communion nor Consecration, but a sham rite, unfortunately peculiar to the modern Church of England. It includes the Prayer of Oblation, with the oblations omitted, and concludes with one or more of the post-Communion Collects, and the Blessing.

MONSTRANCE. A transparent pyx for processions, or when the Host is exhibited; a casket for the exhibition of the Sacrament.

ORPHREYS. A band or bands of gold or embroidery affixed to vestments.

OSTENSION. The showing of the chalice after consecration by lifting it up above the head of the celebrant, so that it may be visible.

PAX. A small plate of precious metal, &c. carried round in the Latin Church, having been kissed by the Priest, after the *Agnus Dei* in the Mass, to Communicate the Kiss of Peace. The first clause of our Blessing at the end of the celebration, "*The Peace of God,*" &c. represents the Pax in our rite.

POME. A round ball of silver or other metal; which is filled with hot water, and is placed on the altar in winter months to prevent danger or accident with the chalice, from the hands of the Priest becoming numb with cold.

ROCHET. A short surplice of lawn with tight sleeves as worn by Bishops. Without sleeves as used by clerics in baptism, &c. In reality the modern English Bishop's rochet is without sleeves, as the sleeves are sewn on to the chimere.

ROOD. A cross with the figure of our Lord upon it.

THURIBLE. A censer.

THURIFER. The server who carries the thurible and swings it in procession.

TIPPET. The *stuff* cape worn over the *surplice* in lieu of the hood by literates, and the silk cape permitted to be worn by dignitaries and beneficed Clergy over their *cassocks* at such times as they do not wear the hood.

TORCHES. Very suitable ones may be made of wood grooved to resemble four candles, i. e., the section of which should be a quatrefoil. These may be painted white, and hollowed out to receive a large-sized Palmer's candle-spring. They should have hollow at the top, to retain any wax that may gutter. In these torches, the ends of the larger candles from the altar candlesticks may be used up; let, however, the socket of the spring have a small aperture near the top, so that without taking out the candle, it may be seen whether there is sufficient for the occasion required. The ends of larger candles are best for this purpose, as the flame of a torch is naturally thought to be larger than that of an ordinary candle. The torches should be kept in a rack, which is either in a cupboard or capable of being covered over.

This is just a slight specimen of these things. Very amusing was a paper, which looked very learned, read at the Ritualistic Art Exhibition at York, in which one Paul, an apostle, was involved in this controversy. Writing to Timothy, he desired him to bring sundry matters which had been left at Troas, some books, but especially parchments; his directions have been a famous debateable ground ever since; singular that a word could lead to so much controversy—*φελόνη*—phelohen, does signify a travelling cloak; but it signifies this, because, primarily, it signifies what we should call a portmanteau or travelling-case, and the true sense of Paul seems to be, "In the case I left at Troas, there are my books and parchments, "bring them with thee." This is actually the version given of it by Conybeare and Howson (*Life of Paul*). It was reserved for these wise Ritualists to discover, by a process, which neither scholarship nor common-sense can endorse, that the word translated "cloak," signifies a—yes—a *Chasuble*!! that is, the priest's sacrificial vestment, of which we hear so much in these days, and which Mr. Perry of St. Michael's, Brighton, tells us, was beheld in prophecy by Isaiah, when referring to the restoration of Ritualism in England in these latter days, he said, "Put on thy beautiful garments, oh Jerusalem!"

2. The altar, so called, is from day to day to be relieved by a variety of colours:—

"The Rubrical colours for vestments were directed (by Sarum use) to be as follows:—*Red* on every Sunday, and every Festival of Martyrs, Apostles, and Evangelists throughout the year, except from Easter to Trinity Sunday, when they were always *white*. They were also *white* on the Feasts of the Annunciation, and of St. Mary, St. Michael, and St. John; *yellow* on Confessors' days; black on Vigils and Ember days. For other days no particular directions were given. . . . We may presume that the *colours* employed for the Altar followed the same rule; but the Rubric seems not to have been very strictly observed."—J. D. Chambers' *Strictures on Dr. Lushington's Judgment*, p. 113. London: W. Benning, 1856.

In another rubric, immediately following the mass for St. Felix, occur these directions:—"But in *vigils* and ember days let the mass of the Fast ever be said; but if a Feast of Nine Lessons fall thereon let the mass of the Feast be said after terce, the mass of the Fast after sext, both at the principal Altar; but so that the deacon and sub-deacon be robed in albs with amices without tunics or chasubles at that mass, that is of the fast; but the clerks in the choir shall use black copes."—Rub. sarif.

Black vestments were undoubtedly used in vigils and masses for the dead.

* * * * *

There is no direction as to the colour on Ferial Days. The colour, if not green as at present, might vary according to that of the preceding Sunday; and if so, there was probably an exception during Advent and Lent, when black vestments were most likely used.

White, emblematical of purity.

Red, colour of blood, and is proper to all Martyrs' Days; and is an emblem of the fiery tongue in the forms of which the HOLY GHOST descended on the Apostles.

Green, the least expressive of colours, or perhaps as the prevailing colour of nature.

Violet, a mourning colour; used on the Feast of Holy Innocents, because the Church deems it no prejudice to mourn for the great wickedness of the crime which cut them off from the earth—especially directed against our Blessed LORD Himself—even whilst celebrating the memory of these earliest and very glorious Martyrs.

3. In celebrating the Eucharist, bodily exercise is especially to be observed; in fact, laugh as much as we may at *the Shakers*—and all readers ought to know how much misplaced a good deal of such satire is—there is no doubt that English Ritualism is every whit as ludicrous. Such directions as the following occur repeatedly in the *Directorium*:—

Therefore let each (Priest) mind that he tarries at an august table. Let him think how it behoves him to be prepared. Let him be cautious and self-possessed. Let him stand erect; not lounging on the Altar. His elbows should touch his sides. When he lifts up his hands, the

extremities of his fingers should be just seen above his shoulders. He should suit his understanding to the signs and words, since great things are latent in signs, greater things in words, and still greater things in intention. He should join three fingers together with which he will make the sign (of the cross); the other two he will lay together in his hand. He will make the sign directly over the chalice, not obliquely; and sufficiently high, lest he upset it. He must not make circles for crosses. When he inclines, he must not do it obliquely, but right before the Altar, and in inclining must bend his whole body.

4. In the ordination of deacons occur a number of these absurd typical observances. The priest is to say, while washing his fingers, "I will wash my hands in innocency;" but he had better not immerse his fingers, an assistant should pour water upon them from an *ampulla*:—

When there is no piscina, the Celebrant had better stand at the Epistle corner of the Altar looking to the south, when the senior Clerk or Acolyte brings in both hands from the credence a napkin folded, and the junior the basin in his left hand, and the water-cruet in his right, which he pours over the four fingers and thumb of the Priest, who uses the napkin provided. They then return and place the towel and basin on the credence.

5. The visitation and communion of the sick is a very different thing to that which any of us have ever made it; there must be vestments, cassock, alb, chasubles, &c., of the colour of the day. There should be "the use of a portable altar of stone, marble, or "alabaster." "Its size should be one foot by six inches, and it "should be marked by five crosses."

It seems also desirable to provide (besides altar linen, pall, chalice veil, and veil of linen and lace) a cross or crucifix, and a pair of small candlesticks, all of which add greatly to the solemnity of the Function, and tend to impress those present with the necessity of a reverent demeanour,—so much to be wished.

Thus, the visitation of the sick and suffering becomes no longer the touch of human hearts and human sympathies: the pressure of feeble fingers by the strong healthy hand; the whispering of experienced consolation at the ear of the dying, by the memory, and the mediation of the great High Priest, but a piece of theatrical show—in-sufferable, we think, in such a chamber.

6. There is one part of the *Directorium* which is pre-eminently amusing to us; it is the service for Palm Sunday, in which the Ritualists really assume to themselves something of the functions of ancient wizzardry and witchery. It is known that banners and

flowers form a very important part of many of their services, especially on that day; really flowers do seem to us, in our ignorance, about the most innocent, and, in spite of certain exhalations, among the most unpestilential creatures left from the Fall. To us, there is not in this whole *Directorium* anything more extraordinary than the following:—

The Gospel being finished, the blessing of the flowers and branches follows, by a Priest vested in a red silk cope, upon the third step of the altar, and turning towards the east; the palms and flowers† having been previously placed upon the altar for the clergy; but for the congregation upon the altar-step on its fourth side.*

I exorcise thee, creature of flowers and branches; in the Name of GOD the FATHER ALMIGHTY, and in the Name of JESUS CHRIST His Son our LORD, and in the power of the HOLY GHOST: henceforth thou whole might of the adversary, thou whole army of Satan, and whole power of the enemy, thou whole inroad of evil spirits, be rooted up and pulled out from these creatures of flowers and branches; that thou pursue not with thy wills the footsteps of those hastening to attain unto the grace of God. Through Him who shall come to judge the quick and the dead and the world by fire. *R. Amen.*

Oh! really, really, gentlemen Ritualists, this is a waste of your priestly functions; that the devil is here in real earnest, we do believe. You may find him in many parts of our great cities, even of our villages; nor is he far from any one of us. The last creatures from whom we should make a great stir to expel him would be the flowers. It seems to us that the amount of devil left in them is so insignificantly small, compared with what we find in the prisons and the streets, that we would rather that all priestly energies should be put forth to the attacking of the devils of those places. Try that on, gentlemen, and leave the poor violets, roses, and heliotropes for the present, alone; or if you choose to exert your power over the creatures of herbs and branches, what say you to a walk through kitchen and market-place—unpleasant creatures do nestle in the hearts of cabbages, and cauliflowers, and an invocation, and a drop of holy water might be influential—who knows? We referred, in our last paper, to another marvellous superstition of these gentlemen; as to the importance of the north *side* of the altar in contra-distinction to the north *end*. Does it not seem absurd, and more than absurd, to believe, as these men do, that the very position of the altar and priest may interfere with the very work and grace of the

* The Priest should be vested in amice, alb, girdle, red stole, maniple, and cope. The stole is violet, according to the Roman use.

† Up to this period they remain on the table already referred to.

Atonement? This is a very vexed and fearful question; and Dr. Littledale has devoted a pamphlet to the elucidation of this most important mediæval, Papal, and ritualistic usage. We have classified and remarked upon these few salient points, because we have not seen that they have received any notice, and have never been quoted, that we are aware—excepting some passages, perhaps, from the glossary in Mr. Binney's *Micah*—in any of the volumes referring to the system. At this point, we may enquire, what is the strength of the system? What is its meaning? It is, in a word, the restoration of that boundless curse, a human priesthood; a priesthood, as we said, clothed with official, claiming to have sacerdotal, authority. Englishman say, Can these things be? Can the law of Protestant England permit these things to be by law? Mr. Binney has gone, with his usual searching keenness of insight and analysis, into this matter; the relation of these things to the Prayer Book, and to the law of England; and Dr. Vaughan, also, has brought his considerable knowledge to bear upon the relation of these usages to law; their evidences and searchings as to what may be regarded as allowable, are very valuable. Meantime, what is the fact? By the judgment of the Privy Council these things *are* permitted. Does the average Englishman ask, By what law, and whence the Ritualists derive their authority? Why, the lights on the altar, and the crosses of the church are *justified*, and in the *Directorium*, *actually by unrepealed laws of Mary*; of that woman we are in the habit of calling, and rightly, the “bloody Mary.” When God gave His Divine commission, He said, “See that thou make all things after “the pattern I have showed thee in the mount.” Mary shows the pattern in this mount; she gives these gentlemen their patterns. The words of the evil spirit shape a very natural question for these services, “Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?” “What meaneth this service?” “What bleating of sheep is this “we hear?” Verily, these are bold men, and go back to wondrous precedents in our history—to Mary, who burned honest Latimer! By these bodily exercises, the priest in all his power, is to be restored to our shores—the theory of priesthood, which deifies the priest, as surely as our opposite system has often degraded the man in the minister. Can it be believed—this priest's spiritual descent from the apostles? Can it be believed that he can, at his spell, exorcise evil from the soul of the infant? change bread into flesh? and wine into blood? Change the properties of flowers? Exorcise evil spirits from the bed of death, not by his piety, but by his priesthood? Can he change and consecrate the powers of nature? It is true, God does seem to teach us that nature, hopeless in itself, yet is a channel by which hints come to us from Him; hints passing to and fro teach us to look beyond nature. It is so with the loveliness of

flowers, and odours, and the tints of clouds; but can the priest become at all the electric wire to carry the misery away? or does he possess the power to bless to a higher, or deeper blessedness? Does the Quaker sleep less soundly in his unconsecrated grave? Will the sailor rise less joyfully from his fathomless tomb of battle and of storms, because no priest has hallowed his resting place? The poet has said in words not irrelevant to quote in such a connection:—

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and miss'd,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd;—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

* * * * *

What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground.

What are these amazing assumptions? Let us reverence holiness, and perhaps more highly still, genius sanctified by holiness; but the claim to bestow holiness through the finger ends; to change eternal relations by a rite; the claim to have received, not merely holiness, but spiritual power through an office, surely we may say, "Away with it!" It is of the "bodily exercise" that "profiteth nothing." Here is a little incident in Mr. Binney's *Micah*; a passage in his own pastoral history:—

Although, however, lay baptism has been pronounced valid by the law of England,—that is, by the law of the *Establishment*,—it does not follow that all clergymen will admit it to be the law of the *Church*. I have had personal experience of this. Some years ago—just, in fact, as the judgment had been delivered establishing the validity of lay baptism—a member of my congregation came to me, complaining that a clergyman had refused to bury his child. "Was it baptized?" I inquired. "No," he said, "that had been deferred." "Then," I replied, "the clergyman was justified in refusing. The Prayer Book,

according to which he is bound to act, expressly denies Christian burial in such a case. He should not have been asked to violate its rules." A little time afterwards the man came to me again with the same complaint; but this time the child had been baptized by myself. I therefore went to the clergyman, and inquired if he really refused to bury the child. "Certainly," he replied, "I cannot do it." I explained to him that, in the former case, I had justified his refusal, but that I could not do that now; "for," I added, "you know it has been decided in the Ecclesiastical Courts that lay baptism is valid." "I know that," he said, sorrowfully, "but I cannot violate my conscience; I must submit to the consequences." "I should be very sorry," I answered, "to force any man's conscience. I suppose you will not object to my burying the child, provided I do it without exposing myself to the charge of bawling in the churchyard." "Not at all,—I shall be obliged and relieved." "Very well; it shall be done." The corpse was brought to the ground; the parents and friends stood around the grave,—it happened to be near the outer railing. I took my stand on the outside, conducted the service there, and thus laid the poor innocent in its little bed. I could not help feeling, however, that either the law of the Establishment should not be what it was, or that men with consciences like the clergyman's should not be in it.

While we are at this point, we may remark, that never do we remember to have met, in defence of anything, arguments so ridiculously weak and flimsy, as are used in support of Ritualism. From the little volume, *Lectures in Defence of Church Principles, delivered in Ipswich and Norwich*, we may extract a passage from one of the lectures, by the Rev. C. J. Le Geyt. Our readers will remember that Dr. Littledale defends Ritualism from the theatre and the gin palace,—maintains that religion must be *histrionic*. Mr. Le Geyt says, in expounding Ritualism:—

As a fact, then, what we understand by ritual is an actually existing system, in which, and according to which, we are all of us daily living and filling our respective posts. It is often said, "English people are not naturally ceremonious, they can't be made so, it is somehow contrary to what is called John Bull; he has not got it in him." Now this is going a great deal too far. It may be quite true that we English are not so much given to ceremony as other nations, that we do things in a more downright, business-like, grim, savage sort of way than some of our continental neighbours; but to say we are not ceremonious is saying a great deal too much, and moreover is paying John Bull a very ugly compliment, for it is taking him out of the family of man altogether, making, I was going to say, a brute of him—a gorilla, hippopotamus, or porpoise, or any other uncouth beast. But more, this is not enough, for even gorillas, hippopotami, or porpoises, being compound creatures, are, in and after their manner, ceremonious. It would be, in truth, making him to be about the last thing that John Bull is likely to be—something ethereal, unsubstantial, spiritual, misty, intangible, to say

that a man is not ceremonious; that is, if you mean that he does not, and you cannot make him, use ceremonies, for "he has not got it in him;"—to say this, is to say that he is not a man, but only half a man—the inward spiritual part without bodily senses and powers—a most uncomfortable, indefinite, dreamy, un-English, unpractical, idea indeed—an idea one cannot conceive at all, just because we are not in that half-and-half imperfect state, but perfect men and women, both parts all right, forming our inward ideas through our outward senses, and so forming compound ideas, not purely outward not purely inward.

I deny, then, that an Englishman is unceremonious, at least in this extreme application of the term; and in a few words I will remind you how very ceremonious, on the contrary, he sometimes is. I will begin with an extreme instance, and come down to others more commonplace. Did any of my hearers ever go to Court? if so, they know already all I mean to say. I had to go once, to make my humble respects at the Queen's levee, because I was appointed to a church in the gift of the Crown. Here, at all events, English people are ceremonious. From the putting on an uncomfortable and obsolete costume, and struggling through the many rooms before you arrive at the Royal presence, and being examined critically by the officials to see if the very buckles on your shoes are right, to the time when you find yourself at home again with very vague impressions of the whole scene, throughout, all has been ceremony,—you have to turn round this way and that, to kneel on one knee, to kiss the Queen's hand, but not to take it or even touch it with your own; you have to get up again as best you can, with your hat in your hand, and strange garments entangling your feet; you have to bow to the Royal Family, and then walk backwards, but not walk over great dignitaries behind you—you must not stop to look at the Queen, but go out of the room at once—you must do everything according to certain rules of ceremonial. All is ceremony, and it must be so. For due honour and respect, due order and decorum to be maintained, it must be so. I could tell you, too, of another occasion in which I remember an address being presented to the Queen by the University of Oxford; and although there was much less ceremonial than at a levee, yet then there was more than enough, in 150 or 200 gentlemen in long gowns having to walk across a large room backwards, without tumbling over one another, after the Queen's reply. And about the Queen herself, all was state and ceremonial of the most splendid and elaborate kind. Then think of our courts of law—the pomp and ceremony of the Judge's arrival at an assize, and of the administration of justice in the courts, the strict rules binding judge, jury, counsel, witnesses, and spectators,—and it *must* be so. The dignity and majesty of the law require it, and it *is* so, even here in England. Think, too, of the ceremonial and order of army and navy: of military and naval punctiliousness and rigid etiquette. And now come down rapidly, for time will fail, and I shall weary you, to more ordinary occasions, where the necessity of ceremonial is manifest: our own social life, our festive entertainments, public and private dinners, and assemblies. In how much ceremonial shall we all, I suppose, take

part, before many weeks are past, in the social gaieties of Christmas. Nay, the very ordinary customs of every-day life are ceremonial. You lift your hat, you bow your head, or nod it, you shake hands, or you slap your friend on the shoulder. While you call it unceremonious, it is all ceremonial, all the use of forms and ceremonies, customs, usages. And it must be so, just because we are compound beings, made up of two parts, and the outward part must have its place, to express the feelings of the inward. There is then ceremonial everywhere, in greater or less degree—in the smallest, most insignificant acts of life, as well as in the greatest of our King's Courts. Eating, drinking, walking, travelling—all have their ceremonies: getting up, going to bed, dressing, shaving—demand a great deal of ceremonial; yes, it is everywhere, you can't escape it.

Now, all this is ritual, applied to worldly matters. We call it ceremonial, custom, habit, but it is the mode of performing the form, ceremonies, and the "rites" of life. But our subject is ritual in its stricter sense applied to religion. So far, then, we have seen what ritual is; and from what has been said, it is an easy step to my second point—Why, there *must* be be ritual. We have seen that there must be ceremonial in ordinary life, a ritual of common life.

Few things ever said could be more absurd. And here we feel inclined for the present to stop, and to devote another paper to what really underlies the whole of this system—the Ritualistic doctrine of the Eucharist. That subject is too large and too deeply interesting to open here; but we must not close without a warm word of commendation of the three volumes which principally moved us to open the subject again in these pages. Generalising them, it may be said, Mr. Binney writes like a philosopher; Dr. Vaughan like an historian, and Mr. Rogers like a polemic; and we may very distinctly say, that the three books do not at all interfere with each other. The reader who has the three will not have one too many, if he be disposed to note the various aspects of the matter, and to use various materials for the purpose of opening up to other minds the dangers of the system. Mr. Binney, with what may be called a dramatic instinct, permits High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church, to present their own varying views in his pages. If we found a fault with the book, it would be that he refines too much, and does not hit hard enough. We should seldom call that a fault which pays respectful deference to all convictions; he has treated the Ritualists with a most gentlemanly forbearance, which we trust they may have the grace given to them—a grace never conceded to them yet—to imitate. Their idea of the union of Christendom, as developed in the *Church Times*, and other such organs, seems to us to mean the union of two or three good strong bludgeons, and a prostrate multitude. Next to the Catholics they are the most quarrelsome Christians in Christendom; and whatever may be their destiny

with respect to the Church triumphant, they certainly belong to the Church militant. Mr. Binney's argument is like the description of a spectator ; he does not seem to be in the fight, and evidently has a range of sympathies which are not supposed to be the property of a Nonconformist.

Dr. Vaughan's book is thoroughly well-informed ; and the history of ancient ritual will add much to that popular knowledge which so many now desire. We cannot but think that the greater part, however, of the volume before the *Third Section*, is almost needless as an argument. The following is an illustration of the style, often eloquent and forcible, in which the whole is written :—

There are not a few persons whose imagination presents to them visions from remote times with which they are deeply fascinated. In the shadowy distances of bygone centuries they see, or think they see, a long line of prelates and priests, with their attendants, clothed in the pure white, and adorned with the rich emblems which the taste and piety of those days are supposed to have regarded as an appropriate to the sacred office. As it is with the persons of the ministers, so is it with the edifices in which they serve, and with all parts of their ministrations. Everything in that distance is stately, ornate, gorgeous. The communion table has become an altar ; and on and about the altar are devices in all forms and all colours, brightened with gold, and made brighter still with artificial lights. Incense fumes the air ; processions, with crucifix and banners, pace the ancient floor ; choral music reverberates along the lofty roof ; and mystic rites, and genuflections of many kinds, help to shroud religion in mystery, and to fill the souls of the untaught multitude with awe—with the dread natural to ignorance and helplessness. Looking only on the outside of this spectacle, and being willing to believe the best concerning its tendencies, and concerning the sanctity of the men who present it, imaginative and sensitive minds—minds with a considerable touch of romance in them—flatter themselves that in their love of such ancient things, and in the æsthetic pleasure they derive from them, they have found a religion, *the* religion they have long wished to find.

The volume of Mr. Rogers' is a thoroughly practical book ; very direct, and exhibiting a considerable acquaintance with the literature of Ritualism. It aims at a lower work than Mr. Binney's book ; and thus, while the one is for the study and the casuistical reader and debater, the other furnishes, in a more condensed form than we know elsewhere, ammunition for warfare. But we say again, libraries and book clubs should purchase all three.